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~ William Slavens McNutt ~

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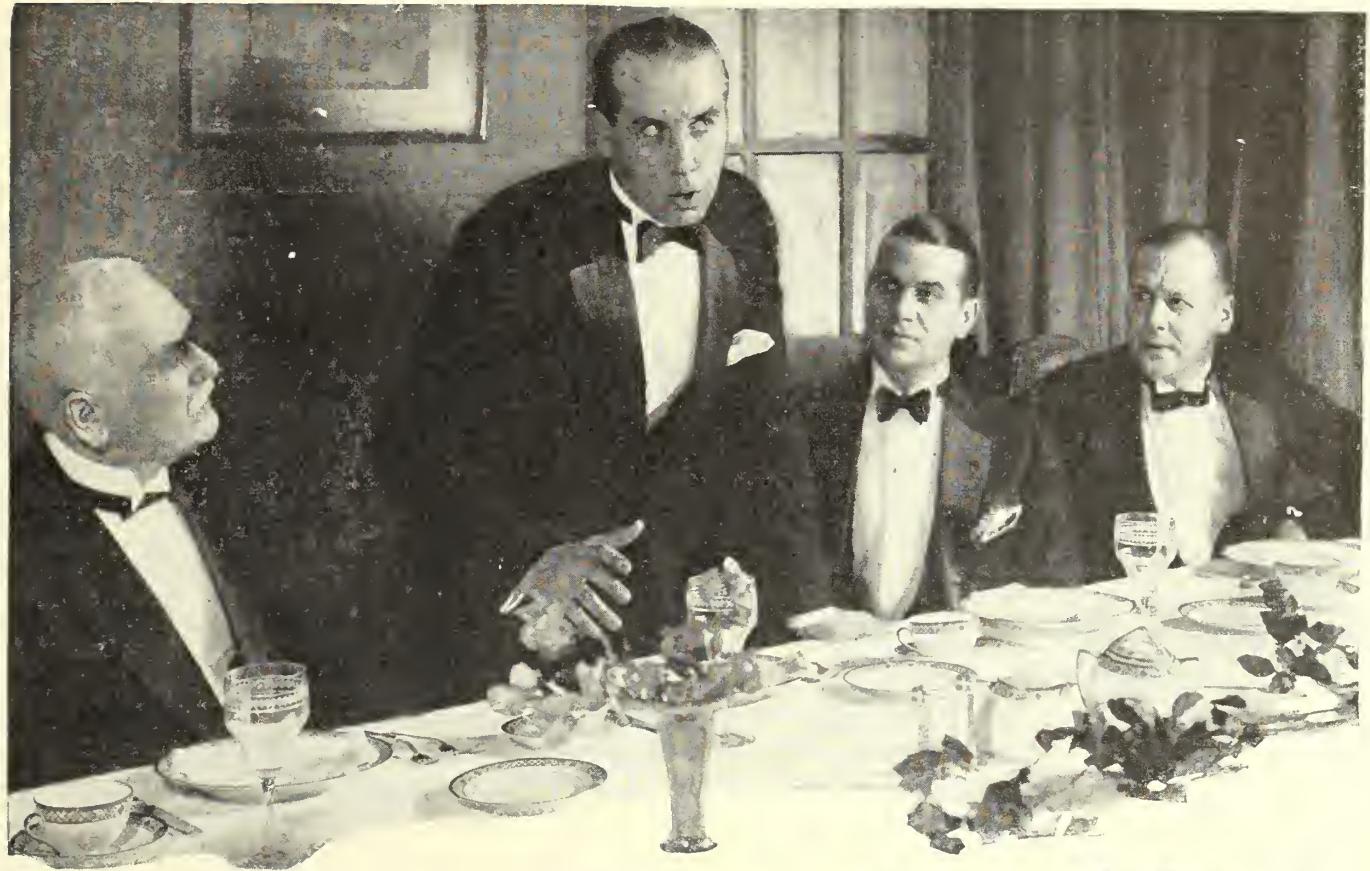
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## THE STARS IN THE FLAG

PENNSYLVANIA: The king of England paid off a debt to Admiral Penn by granting his son, William Penn, a royal proprietary charter over the colony in 1682. Penn, a Quaker, combining the practical with the ideal, soon had a prosperous colony. He attracted thrifty settlers by his generous land grants at low prices, liberal government and religious freedom. Not only were there Quakers from England, but other persecuted sects arrived from the British Isles and Europe, so that the colony soon had a large non-English population—Welsh, Irish, Dutch, Scotch and Germans. Penn made a treaty with the Indians which was respected by both sides, thereby aiding the prosperity of the colony. Philadelphia was the scene of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 and of the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Population, 1790, 434,373; 1920 (U. S. est.), 9,613,570. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over): 1900, 54.7; 1910, 60.4; 1920, 64.3. Area, 45,126 sq. miles. Density of population, 200.5 per sq. mile. Rank among States, (1920),



2d in population, 32d in area, 6th in density. Capital, Harrisburg (1926 U. S. est.), 84,000. Three largest cities, Philadelphia, 2,008,000; Pittsburgh, 637,000; Scranton, 141,451. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$28,833,745,000. Principal sources of wealth (U. S. 1923), steel and rolling mill products, \$1,292,222,273; foundry and machine work, \$344,064,225; blast furnace products, \$377,227,181. The value of mineral products, including hard and soft coal, cement, clay products and natural gas, totalled \$1,225,036,404. The hard and soft coal output was valued at \$843,314,000. The 202,250 farms in 1920 produced crops valued at \$400,000,000 principally in cereals, forage crops, fruits and tobacco. Pennsylvania had 301,247 men and women in the service during the World War. Motto, adopted 1800: "Virtue, Liberty and Independence." Origin of name: William Penn called the colony Sylvania from the latin word sylva, meaning woods. The king prefixed the founder's name, making it Penn's Sylvania, later condensed into one word. Nickname, Keystone State.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*PHILIP VON BLOM, *Managing Editor*

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# THE MESSAGE CENTER



THE membership roster of the Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire now holds thirty-two names. The three new enrolments since our March report are Homer Gale Harris of Springfield, Massachusetts; Claude B. Stephenson of Centreville, Tennessee, and Ernest McCullough of Brooklyn, New York. Mr. McCullough's half-column entry in "Who's Who in America" (it is only fair to Mr. McCullough to say that we discovered this ourselves, and that he didn't point it out to us) records the fact that he has edited numerous technical magazines and published a dozen books on engineering and economics, that he served as major and lieutenant colonel in the A. E. F., and that he was wounded at Cambrai in the fall of 1917. His letter follows: "What is all this fuss about the reading of Gibbon on 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'? There surely must be thousands of members of The American Legion who have read the work through. It is difficult to believe that not more than thirty out of the three million or more men and women who served the United States forces ever read the work. Put the undersigned down as one who read it between the ages of fourteen and eighteen because his dad paid him five dollars to do it, and who read it afterwards for the pleasure he obtained. The work is a mine of splendid information and affords one an opportunity to indulge in considerable speculative philosophical reasoning when the course of events in the period covered by Gibbon is compared with present tendencies."

M R. McCULLOUGH'S letter gave the eligibility committee of the society a busy session. It was objected that his statement that his father had paid him five dollars to read Gibbon made him a professional, but a thorough search through the society's constitution and by-laws failed to disclose any reason for barring him on that account. The fact that he subsequently reread the work with no other incentive than intellectual pleasure and profit weighed heavily with the committee, whose decision, when the final vote was taken, was enthusiastically unanimous.

THE committee also paused a moment over Mr. Stephenson's application. "I read Gibbon," he reported, "when I was at the University of Tennessee in 1912, making up an entrance condition." One element held that the factor of com-

pulsion ought to exclude Mr. Stephenson, either permanently or until he had completed a voluntary rereading, but as he continued, "I enjoyed it as much as any work that I ever read and always remember it and my history professor very kindly," the committee decided that this testimonial was sufficient basis for admitting Mr. Stephenson to all the rights and privileges of membership in the organization in which Legionnaire Gene Tunney holds Card Number One. Mr. Harris presented no problem and was rushed through by *viva voce* vote. He is probably the society's baby, having read Gibbon entire during the summer of 1927.

PERMIT us to call special attention to what Frederick Palmer has to say in this issue about the Legion and politics. It strikes us as being the most sensible utterance on this subject that has ever reached print. Legionnaires will be rendering a distinct service to their organization if they will see that Mr. Palmer's message is spread far and wide. The Legionnaire knows his organization's attitude toward politics; the public—large sections of it, anyway—does not. Tell the world!

WE ARE glad to pass on, at the request of the Military Order of the World War, the announcement that that organization is attempting to establish the custom of an annual Army Day. The Navy has a day—why not the Army? For this year the M. O. W. W. has selected May 1st, but it recommends that in future years the observance be held on April 6th.

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON, a native Tennessean, lives in New York City. He is the author of several novels, of which the best known are probably "Queed," "V.V.'s Eyes" and "Saint Teresa." In 1915 he served with the American Ambulance in France and Belgium, and when America entered the war he became a lieutenant U. S. N. R. F.

BRIEF mention was made on this page last month of the army service of Edgar Allan Poe. The story deserves a little more space. Poe was eighteen years old when, on May 26, 1827, he enlisted in Battery H of the First United States Artillery, then stationed at Fort Independence in Boston Harbor. He gave his age as twenty-two, although minors

could sign up without faking their ages. He faked not only his age but his name as well—the thing has been done since. On the payroll he appeared as Private Edgar A. Perry.

POE'S whole service record is unfortunately not available. It is of record that his promotion to sergeant major took place on January 1, 1829. In April he received his discharge on providing a substitute. His C. O., Lieutenant J. Howard, declared that his duties had been "promptly and faithfully done" and that "his habits are good and entirely free from drinking." At any rate Poe's alcoholic predilections cannot be blamed on the Army.

HE HAD evidently plotted out for himself a military career. A little more than a year after leaving the Army, Poe re-entered it through another door—the United States Military Academy at West Point. Had all gone well, he might have been a great Civil War general. But all failed to go well. A classmate, General Allan B. Magruder, declared "he was a devourer of books, but his great fault was his neglect of and apparent contempt for military duties." This sort of thing made no bigger hit with the West Point powers of 1830 than it is likely to do with their successors of 1930. Poe was asking for what came next. It arrived in January of 1831 in this wise, as recorded in Professor George E. Woodberry's biography: "On January 5, 1831, a court martial was convened at West Point, to try offenders against discipline, and after a short sitting adjourned until January 28. For the two weeks preceding this adjourned meeting Poe neglected practically all his duties as a cadet, and was consequently cited to appear before the court and answer to two charges of two specifications each, to the effect that he had absented himself from certain parades, roll-calls, guard duty, and academical duties, and in the course of this remissness had twice directly disobeyed the orders of the officer of the day. He pleaded guilty to all, except one specification, and as it was the one alleging the most patent of his offenses—his absence from parade, roll-call, and guard duty—he thus shut the gates of mercy on himself. The court found him guilty, and passed a sentence of dismissal."

*The Editor*

# From a BUDDHIST MONASTERY to a LOUIS SIXTEENTH CHÂTEAU

## Peter B. Kyne

*Famous novelist*

### ... Knows Beds

**A** NOVELIST frequently visits and lives in the places where he sets the action of his story.

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Peter B. Kyne

### HIS STORY

"IN my time I have slept in a varied assortment of beds, with and without mattresses. I do not recommend the sodden earth in a jungle. Desert sand isn't so bad. I have tried cobble streets, lawns, meadows, muddy roads, hardwood floors, haystacks, the forks of a tree, and a narrow bridge railing where a bad dream would have meant a swim in a muddy river.

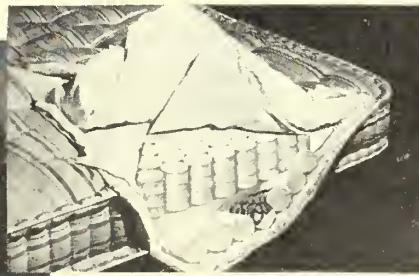
"Once I was very grateful for a table top in a Salvation Army reading room in Yokohama and once I gave up a dollar in American money to fight some prodigious fleas in a red carpet on the floor of the 'parlor' of a pub in Hong Kong. In 1924 I spent two nights in a bamboo bed in the rest room of a Buddhist monastery and learned a lot.

"Then there is the time I shared a wet woolsack with a Coolie on the marble top of the main altar of a shell-riddled church in Luzon. But one's luck changes with the years.

"When I was in the A. E. F. I slept in a bed that Louis XVI had once occupied. Later, however, I had the misfortune to be bed-fellow with a British major who wouldn't speak to me because there was nobody present to introduce him after I had introduced myself.

"And never will I forget that lovely, insanitary, old goose-feather mattress of that *jolie* Madame Cosson. I have never been so foolish as to sleep on a bed of balsam boughs but some editors have accused me of sleeping on the job.

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[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

# "ANTI - PATRIOTISM"

## *Why do so Many Bright Young People Talk that Way?*

### *By Henry Sydnor Harrison*

*Decoration by Walter Jardine*

**I**N THE wholesale revaluations of our Age of Disillusionment, most of the "old-fashioned virtues" have suffered severely; few have fared worse, none has been more mercilessly pelted, egged and derided, than has patriotism—the normal, simple love of, and belief and pride in, one's own country.

I doubt if even the church, even God, have suffered worse. When the new prophets of wisdom say that So-and-So is "religious," they usually mean to impute, after all, only a gentle weakness, deplorable doubtless but not necessarily contemptible; but when they say to you "Why, you seem to be patriotic!" they clearly want you to understand them as saying, "You appear to be a congenital idiot, and a dangerous and malicious ass to boot."

Now until the other day, patriotism was everywhere held to be the primary attribute of all right-thinking men. "Breathes there the man with soul so dead" went to the tune of "my country, right or wrong." What has caused the change?

Extremely patriotic persons, hearing patriotism ridiculed, get excited and angry; they shake their fists, shouting, "Any man who won't stand up for his country is a ——" But you may fill in the words for yourself, for they do not matter: expletives never carry very far. Suppose, for once, we stop and calmly inquire just what is this modern "case" against patriotism, and just how much it proves.

We shall find, in brief, that anti-patriots say of patriotism:

*That it is a common sentiment, and therefore cheap, or vulgar.*—There is that smart saying which long antedates the Great War: "A man is proud of his country when he hasn't got anything else to be proud of." It is obvious that anybody can feel patriotic; so may the humblest man experience all the greatest emotions and respond to every fine principle of conduct. However, in an age when intellectual superiority so mightily preens itself, the common is necessarily belittled; and it is true that country-love implies no excellence of accomplishment or wit.

*That it is dishonest and assumed for ulterior purposes.*—Long ago, Dr. Johnson remarked, with the inexplicable bitterness of a contemporary devastator: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Relieved of its touch of liver, the crusty Samuel's epigram may be understood as saying that patriotism, because of its general appeal, is sometimes claimed by shady schemers

as a convenient cloak for their own nefariousness: much as hunted pirates may unfurl the flag. Fair-minded people cannot deny that such rascality exists today, and plays its part in giving patriotism a bad name.

*That it is injurious to the good of the common man:* because, through the power of its influence, simple, well-meaning people are systematically exploited by detached entities called governments, and betrayed into doing things to their own hurt and the great hurt of others.

*That it is injurious to the racial good:* because it is the ally and servant of nationalism, and nationalism is a wrong, dangerous and outgrown principle. As cave-men learned the wisdom of surrendering pure individualism for mutually advantageous co-operation, and thus laid the foundations of nations, so the time has come now to abandon intense nationalisms for the far greater gains of an organized and co-operative humanity. In standing as an obstacle to the brotherhood of the world, patriotism opposes that mystical "stream of tendency" which is some people's name for God.

*That (and this is in a degree the sum of all the counts) it causes war.*—The evils of war need no arguing here; to say that patriotism "causes" them is of course only a manner of speaking. Wars are caused by exceedingly complex differences of national interest, which, however, nearly always have economic roots; we may have wars without patriotism (e.g., civil wars, insurrectionary wars, religious wars, etc.), and we may, and do, have plenty of patriotism without wars. What can be justly said—and unfortunately it is a great deal—is that passionate love of country is a powerful incentive to warlikeness, and is so heavily depended upon to provoke and maintain the will to fight that not many wars can be carried on without its aid.

Thus it is seen that in all these charges of the anti-patriots, there is at least some solid truth, and in sum they make, it must be admitted, a damaging indictment. Does it therefore follow that patriotism is something obnoxious and deadly, to be crushed out of the social consciousness as speedily and ruthlessly as possible?

No, it does not follow, for a simple reason frequently applicable to argument: the ex parte indictment has omitted large areas of truth from all consideration.

It doesn't dispose of patriotism to say, as (Continued on page 58)



I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE  
BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR  
MY COUNTRY...Nathan Hale

# Joe Cook, Noted Comedian, Star of New York Stage Success, "Rain or Shine",

Says:

"I thank good old Lucky Strikes for helping me to be versatile. I smoke Luckies all the time—they keep my voice clear and have never affected my wind. These are two assets of vital importance in my work. And that is why I can imitate four Hawaiians."

*Joe Cook*



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the Tobacco Crop

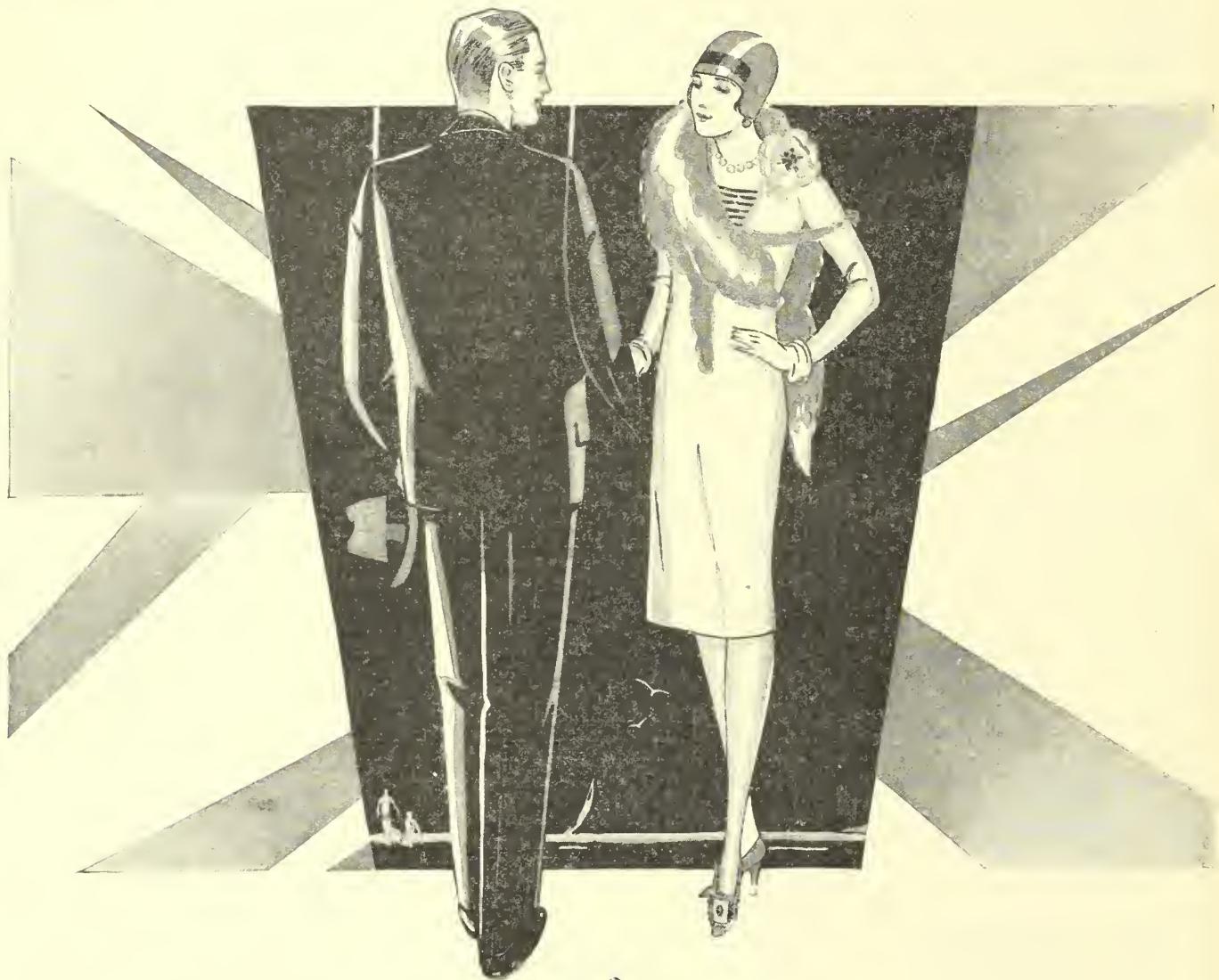
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*W.B. Leftwich*  
Leaf Tobacco Buyer

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# *The MURDERS in the RUE MORGUE*

*By Edgar Allan Poe*

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN ERSKINE

*SECOND in a Series of Representative American Short Stories Selected and with Critical Introductions by the Author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Galahad," and "Adam and Eve." The First Story, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Appeared in the March Issue*

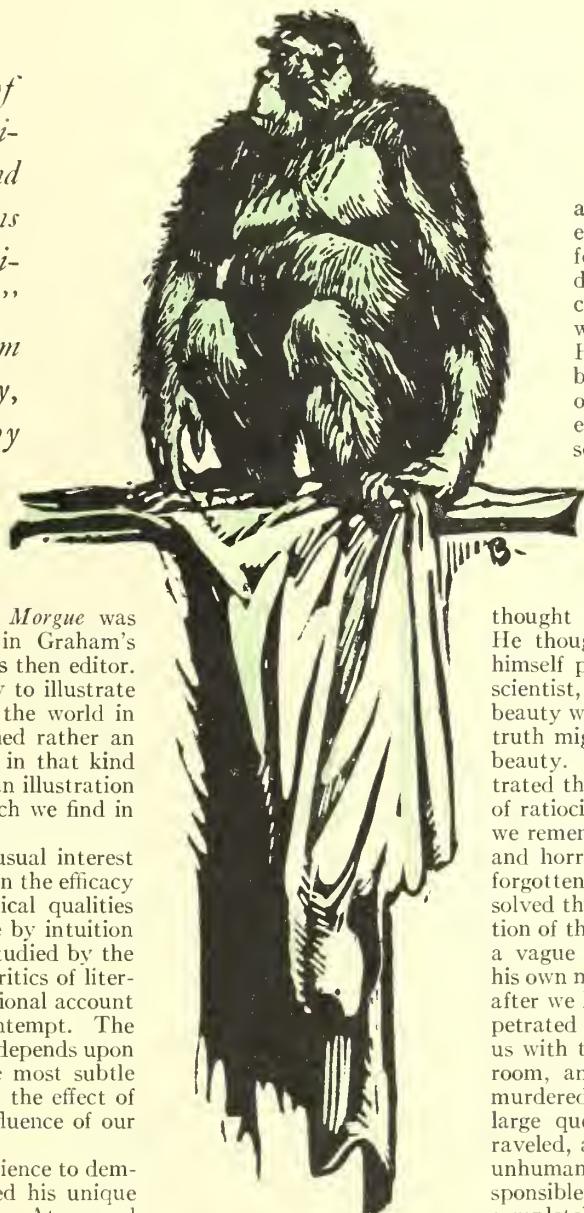
**T**HE *Murders in the Rue Morgue* was published in April, 1841, in Graham's Magazine, of which Poe was then editor. He intended the great story to illustrate his theories of ratiocination. For the world in general, however, it has long seemed rather an extraordinary poem, a masterpiece in that kind of horror which is close to beauty, an illustration of the same theories of beauty which we find in *The Raven*.

Poe had, for a poet, a quite unusual interest in logic, and an extraordinary faith in the efficacy of pure reason. Even those mystical qualities of life which artists usually capture by intuition and emotion he thought could be studied by the colder part of the mind. For the critics of literature who gave an exclusively emotional account of their art he had nothing but contempt. The future of the race, he often implied, depends upon our ability to understand even the most subtle feelings, the source, the nature and the effect of our passions, the origin and the influence of our dreams.

He had no adequate training in science to demonstrate these theories, but he used his unique literary gift to dramatize his ideas. At several periods in his life he proved his skill in the somewhat restricted field of cryptograms by solving all that were sent to him. *The Gold Bug* gives a clear account of his methods. In the more difficult field of deduction and induction *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* is his great achievement. He expected us to be interested in the steps by which Dupin unravels the mystery. We are to attend not to the murders, which are only the excuse for the story, but to the triumph of intelligence in solving the problem. It is unnecessary to point out the large school of detective-story writers who have imitated Poe—not the least of them, of course, Conan Doyle. Sherlock Holmes is a picturesque son, or grandson, of Dupin.

But Poe told us also that in the writing of his poems he began by deciding what effect of beauty he wished to produce—just as

*Illustrations by  
Lowell L. Balcom*



a painter might make up his mind what effect of light and color he should work for. Frequently, perhaps usually, Poe decided to get an effect of beauty out of circumstances which to other poets would have meant nothing but horror. He saw no reason why the conception of beauty should be limited to the pleasant or to the merely pretty. For him, majesty and grandeur were possible in sorrow, or even in tragic accident. Whatever effect he desired to produce, however, his favorite method was to suggest it by some logical intellectual process, by a careful selection of details, all harmonizing with the desired effect; or by a process of thought which in itself would suggest beauty. He thought that the poet should not concern himself primarily with truth—that was for the scientist, or the philosopher. For the poet, beauty was the one end. But a demonstration of truth might be useful in producing the effect of beauty. *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* illustrated this theory quite as much as the doctrine of ratiocination. The details are so chosen that we remember the scene and the sense of danger, and horror produced by it, long after we have forgotten the precise steps by which Dupin solved the mystery. Dupin, himself the incarnation of this science which Poe says he admired, is a vague character, hardly a personality. Like his own methods, he disappears from our memory after we have discovered what it is that has perpetrated the horrible murders. The story leaves us with the thought of the women in the lonely room, and the orang-outang. Had they been murdered by a human being, there would be a large question of guilt, of motive, to be unraveled, a punishment to be inflicted. Since the unhuman agent of the crime, however, is irresponsible, these moral questions drop out as completely as Dupin's methods and his personality; only the horror remains.

The greatness of the story is clearer if we compare it with the best which Conan Doyle gave us. In the case of the later writer, it is the detective and his methods which we remember; the effect of each particular story we otherwise forget. Sherlock Holmes has his cigarette, and his friend, Watson, a mysterious drug habit, a delightfully casual manner, a refreshing infallibility. But the cases which he solves, though often as bizarre as this problem in the Rue Morgue, are never important artistically, they do not stay with us as a permanent horror or terror, and never as a permanent expression of beauty. What Poe accomplished was the hard thing. Conan Doyle, adroit as he is, suffers by the comparison. It has been customary to think of Poe as a somewhat unwholesome writer, interested exclusively in morbid

themes. This idea of him is a natural one, if we know something of his life, and most readers are at least so well informed as to recall that he lived miserably, and had few occasions to be cheerful. But if we knew nothing about his life, perhaps we could be more just toward his subjects, perhaps we should be ready to admit that even the sanest of us has some interest in what is horrible or morbid. Much of the disaster we meet in life is curable, and it would be atrocious of us to develop any ability to enjoy it instead of mending it. But there are many disasters which we can't help, but which have a beautiful side. Instinctively we find out this possible beauty, however much we regret the occasion of it. If my neighbor's house is burning on a dark night, I may be profoundly sympathetic with him over the loss, and yet aware of

the magnificent spectacle in the flame. A ship sinking at sea, the plunging head foremost in the abyss, has its own awful beauty, however horror-stricken I may be at the loss of life. If these unaccountable tragedies on the fringe of experience had no weird beauty of their own, we should forget them as quickly as possible. To notice the beauty does not mend matters, but I've felt, and most of us who are honest with ourselves will admit, that the beauty does exist. This is what he has tried to give in this extraordinary story. If you do not find pleasure in the strange thrills it suggests, Poe would say that you are not so much sane as unaware. You must be one of those who shut out from their consciousness anything, even the most haunting, which can neither be used, nor, in the philosophical sense, understood.

## • • • THE STORY • • •

**T**HE mental features discoursed of as the analytical are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of acumen which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

The faculty of re-solution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it, which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if *par excellence*, analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyze. A chess-player, for example, does the one, without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random; I will, therefore, take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and bizarre motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The *attention* is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold, but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten, it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are unique and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior acumen. To be less abstract: Let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherche* movement, the result of some strong exer-

tion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes indeed absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation.

Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom may be little more than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all these more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind. When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of *all* the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold, but multiform, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by "the book," are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained, lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of *what* to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor, because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump, and honor by honor, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the

play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of triumph, or chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognizes what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown



upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation—all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of 'the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining powers, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing its primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater, indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the truly imaginative never otherwise than analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the proposition just advanced.

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. August Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and upon the income arising from this he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessities of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candor which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is the theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervor and the vivid freshness of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and, as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting, and furnish-

ing in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen—although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed, the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the night for her own sake; and into this *bizarrie*, as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect abandon. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massive shutters of our old building, lighted a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams—reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm and arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shad-

ows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise—if not exactly in its display—and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin—the creative and the resolvent.

Let it not be supposed, from what I have just said, that I am detailing any mystery, or penning any romance. What I have described in the Frenchman was merely the result of an excited, or perhaps of a diseased, intelligence. But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea.

We were strolling one night down a long, dirty street in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Being both, apparently, occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen



minutes at least. All at once Dupin broke forth with these words:

"He is a very little fellow, that's true, and would do better for the Théâtre des Variétés."

"There can be no doubt of that," I replied unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant afterward I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

"Dupin," said I, gravely, "this is beyond my comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of—?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

"—of Chantilly," said he. "Why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a quondam cobbler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming stage mad, had attempted the rôle of Xerxes, in Crébillon's tragedy so called, and been notoriously pasquinaded for his pains.

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "the method—if method there is—by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter." In fact, I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express.

"It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne.*"

"The fruiterer!—you astonish me—I know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down, by accident, as we passed from the Rue C— into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of *charlatanerie* about Dupin. "I will explain," he said, "and, that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations, from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the rencontre with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, stereotomy, the street stones, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal. What, then, must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued:

"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C—. This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose frag-

ments, slipped, slightly strained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did; but observation has become with me, of late, a species of necessity.

"You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing, with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones), until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured the word 'stereotomy,' without being brought to think of atoms, and thus of the theories of Epicurus; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony, I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upward to the great nebula in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up; and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter tirade on Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday's *Musée*, the satirist, making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed. I mean the line

*Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum.*

"I had told you that this was in reference to Orion, formerly written Urion; and, from certain pungencies connected with this explanation, I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine

them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobbler's immolation. So far, you had been stooping in your gait; but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as, in fact, he was a very little fellow—that Chantilly—he would do better at the Théâtre des Variétés."

Not long after this, we were looking over an evening edition of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* when the following paragraphs arrested our attention.

"EXTRAORDINARY MURDERS.—This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing apparently from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbors entered, accompanied by two gendarmes. By this time the cries had ceased; but, as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices, in angry contention, were distinguished, and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds also had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves, and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story (the door of which, being found locked, with the key inside, was forced open), a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

"The apartment was in the wildest disorder—the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick



B.

tresses of gray human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an ear-ring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of *métal d'Alger*, and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a bureau, which stood in one corner, were open, and had been, apparently, rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the *bed* (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters, and other papers of little consequence.

"Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen; but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fire-place, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom; it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it, many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and upon the throat, dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger-nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

"After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house, without farther discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body, as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated—the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

"To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clew."

The next day's paper had these additional particulars.

"THE TRAGEDY IN THE RUE MORGUE. Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair" (the word "affaire" has not yet, in France, that levity of import which it conveys with us), "but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

"*Pauline Dubourg*, laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms—very affectionate towards each other. They were excellent pay. Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believed that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any persons in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story.

"*Pierre Moreau*, tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighborhood and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found, for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweler, who underlet the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbors that Madame L. told fortunes. Did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

"Many other persons, neighbors, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the

house. It was not known whether there were any living connections of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed, with the exception of the large back room, fourth story. The house was a good house—not very old.

"*Isidore Muset*, gendarme, deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway, endeavoring to gain admittance. Forced it open, at length, with a bayonet—not with a crowbar. Had but little difficulty in getting it open, on account of its being a double or folding-gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced—and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony—were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way upstairs. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention: the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller—a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a woman's voice. Could distinguish the words 'sacré' and 'diabol.' The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday.

"*Henri Duval*, a neighbor, and by trade a silversmith, deposed that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Muset in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door, to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, this witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it was not French. Could not be sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced, by the intonation, that the speaker was an Italian. Knew Madame L. and her daughter. Had conversed with both frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased.

"*— Odenthaler, restaurateur*. This witness volunteered his testimony. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks. They lasted for several minutes—probably ten. They were long and loud—very awful and distressing. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man—of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish the words uttered. They were loud and quick—unequal—spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger. The voice was harsh—not so much shrill as harsh. Could not call it a shrill voice. The gruff voice said repeatedly, 'sacré,' 'diabol' and once 'mon Dieu.'

"*Jules Mignaud*, banker, of the firm of Mignaud et Fils, Rue Deloraine. Is the elder Mignaud. Madame L'Espanaye had some property. Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year—(eight years previously). Made frequent deposits in small sums. Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum of 4,000 francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

"*Adolphe Le Bon*, clerk to Mignaud et Fils, deposes that on the day in question, about noon, he accompanied Madame L'Espanaye to her residence with the 4,000 francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened, Mademoiselle L. appeared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a by-street—very lonely.

"*William Bird*, tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman. Has (Continued on page 46)





# FIRST COME, *first* SERVED

*By Marquis James*

**C**APTAIN LEE of the Salvation Army whanged his drum and Sister Lee passed her tambourine through the crowds that rolled in and out of Tom Smith's saloon. Every old timer on the Kansas border knew Bill Lee and his wife of Caldwell, and as there was quite a sifting of Kansans in Hennessey that evening the captain's discourse was filled with secular asides.

"Hank, howdy."

"Bitter Crick, ain't the marshals got you yet?"

But they pitched their dollars and dimes into Mrs. Lee's tambourine and eddied through Tom Smith's magnetic doors where a perspiring Negro "professor" named Albert performed on a square piano and a Texas gambler called Slim ran the wheel.

The night was uneasy with anticipation. The restless throng milling the one business thoroughfare of Hennessey, Oklahoma, was constantly changing—fed and drained simultaneously by a ragged two-way column of horsemen and wagons extending north—one current arriving for a last look at Hennessey before the big adventure, one departing to carry each traveler back to his appointed place on the Line.

The Line was two miles from town. It ran east and west over a straight course marked by the blink of camp fires on the undulating plain as far as the eye could discern. Its geometrical precision was maintained by the Third United States Cavalry.

The fires burned themselves out, the figures about them rolled up in their blankets and slapped mosquitoes and talked themselves to sleep. The cavalrymen from Fort Reno walked their horses up and down, reflecting, without regret, that this was their last night on this duty.

In the morning sixty thousand men and here and there a woman who had slept in the bed of a wagon stirred from their couches and observed the bright steely sky that means heat on the plains. A stout wind blew from the south, whipping up dust from the trampled prairie back of the Line and black ashes from the burned-over patches in front of it. It would not be the most

comfortable day for traveling, but the wind favored the "south siders," being at their back.

The north siders, riding from the Kansas border, would have to face it in the free-for-all by which the Cherokee Strip was about to pass from the possession of the Indian to that of the white race.

The Strip was the old Cherokee hunting ground, but when the buffalo disappeared the Indians leased much of it to cattlemen. This era came to an end early in 1893 when, after a series of negotiations not more coercive than customary for a transaction between the United States Government and an Indian tribe, the Cherokees relinquished title to the land, and the Government prepared to open the Strip to settlement.

The territory involved was considerably larger than the State of Massachusetts. It was fifty-eight miles wide, north and south, and 180 miles long, and bounded—in the terms of the day—by No Man's Land and Texas on the west, by Old Oklahoma on the south, by the Indian Territory on the east and on the north by Kansas. Old Oklahoma is the southwestern part of the present State, which was taken over from the Indians in 1889. No Man's Land was disputed ground for half a century, assigned to no State or territory and without local law or government. At the time of this writing it was administered as a part of Texas, but it went by the old name, and still does among old settlers, although it forms the western panhandle of Oklahoma now.

During the summer of 1893 the Strip was cleared of cattle and cattlemen and combed by cavalry to insure complete depopulation, so that at the "opening" one boomer would have as good a chance as another provided he had as good a horse. The rules for the opening were simple. It was to be a race from the north and south borders. A man simply rode in and took his pick of quarter sections or town lots and the first to stake the lot or quarter of his choice got it to keep. A quarter section contains one hundred and sixty acres.

The hour and day for starting was fixed at noon on September 16, 1893. For weeks the boomers had been on their way to the Lines. They came from everywhere. Kansas and Nebraska



One way to guarantee a train stop: When the railroad passed up South Town in favor of North Town, the South Towners sawed down a bridge between the two Enids, which was rough on the first freight to attempt the trip after the sawing and even rougher on a lone tramp who was riding the rails. At right: The Ob-rate brothers set out from Kansas to make the Run. On opposite page: Enid puts up a front that wins the day—the genuine imitation brick-faced Hotel Rex which was the final and unanswerable argument in the rivalry between North Town and South Town. In this picture, taken several years after the Oklahoma fight, the Hotel Rex has been rechristened the Hotel Donly

homesteaders routed by drouth, grass-hoppers and hot winds and out for a new start; Old Oklahomans who had lost out in the shuffle of '89; Texans, Mid-Westerners, Rocky Mountain Staters, Southerners making another cast to repair the devastations of the Civil War: the great Strip opening had caught the imagination of the country.

On horseback, in buckboards and spring wagons and in covered wagons by the thousand they spread along the three hundred and sixty miles of eligible border and made their temporary camps. Embittered old cow men, politicians, law breakers, lawyers, broken-down gentlemen, tradesmen, adventurers all under the spell of distant horizons that invariably charm the impaired in fortune. An Eastern ex-Congressman in a rusty silk hat expects by some turn of the wheel to go back as a United States Senator from a State that may be called Oklahoma but possibly something else; he will not stick at such trifles. A bearded veteran of the Overland of '49 says there is gold along them creeks.

The last days were busy ones. Men swapped horses, trained horses and lightened loads for the race. They speculated on where to go and how to get there—swing left at the draw that branches off from Turkey Creek by the big cottonwood forty minutes hard riding from the Cimarrón crossing. They speculated on which land would crop and which townsite would be a town. They made last-minute revisions of plans. In the burning heat and biting dust they waited in lines miles long, gigantic, quarreling queues for one of the precious registration slips required of every starter. They dickered with cowboys, expert



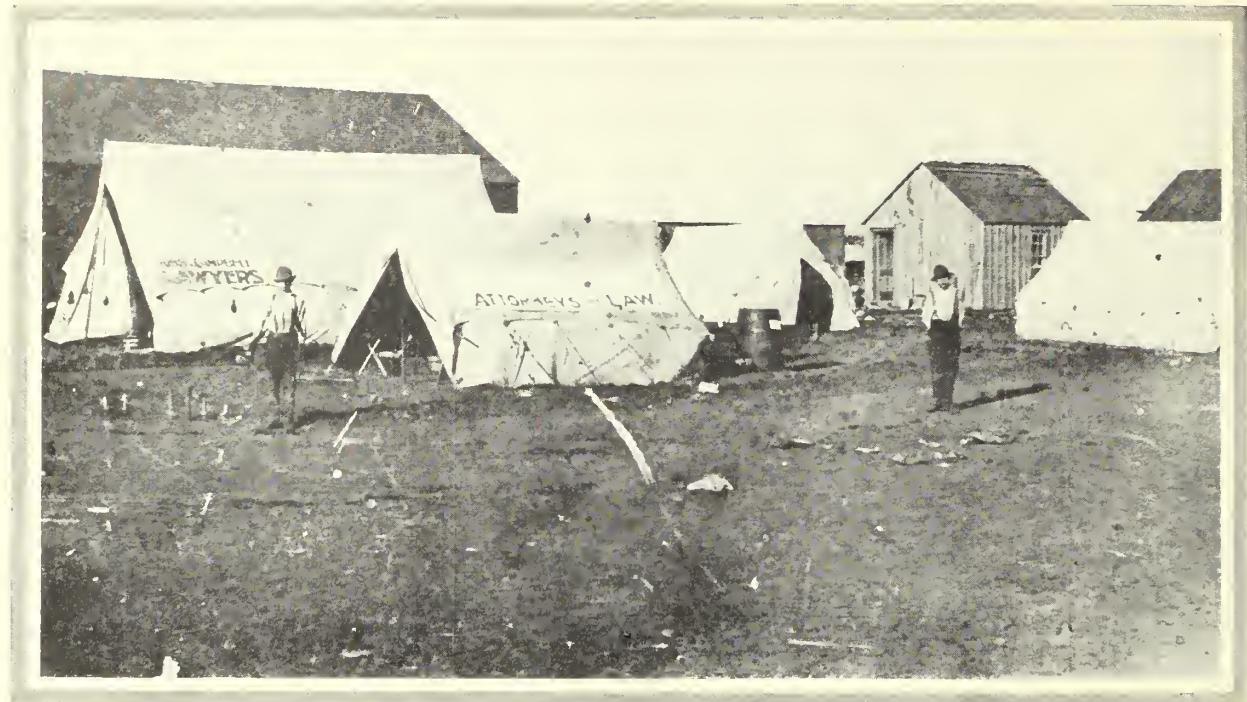
riders who knew the country and put matters on a money basis.

Hiring riders was not allowed, however. Many things were not allowed—selling places at the head of the registration line, for instance, although a ten-dollar bill might obviate a long wait and twenty-five dollars eliminate it altogether. But the crime that aroused general resentment was soonerism. A sooner was one who got his registration paper early and slipped through the cavalry patrol into the promised land in advance of the starting day and made his selection at leisure. At one time or another every part of the Line had its sooner rumor and consequent threats of a necktie party. Few proved sooneers were caught, however. The sooner was usually a slippery cowboy who didn't want a farm anyhow and sold out to the first serious speculator who appeared with a couple of hundred dollars or so.

At half past eleven on the morning of the sixteenth a Rock Island locomotive pulled a string of cattle cars out of Hennessey and halted abreast the Line two miles north. At Caldwell on the Kansas side a similar train took its station. The cattle cars were pack-jam with people who were making the Run in modern style. The north and south bound trains were to meet at Enid townsite, in the approximate center of the Strip.

In all the Strip the goal par excellence was Enid. Enid was to be the new metropolis, and capital of the forthcoming State of—tentatively—Oklahoma. Pikers might stake where they list, but the élite were off for Enid or bust. This state of affairs was rendered more stimulating by the fact that on the map were two Enids—one designated by the Department of the Interior and one by the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad Company. Each had its vociferous partisans claiming theirs was the Enid with the attractive future.

At noon cavalrymen at intervals, along the three hundred and sixty miles of border, fired their carbines. That was the signal for the Run.



*Early Enid lawyers didn't hang out shingles. Neither were inch-thick rugs and glass-topped mahogany desks essential to the transaction of a big boom business following the opening of the Cherokee Strip*

The lines of horse-flesh flashed forward, the trains snorted and got under way at a speed which after bitter controversy with the horse element had been limited to fifteen miles an hour. That gave the horse element an edge. The riders were lost in a moment in their own cloud of rolling dust. Then the buckboards bounced from view, then the careening spring wagons. Some of the buckboard outfits accomplished marvels. Ben Clampitt, the second man on the Enid (government) townsite, eighteen miles from Hennessey, arrived by buckboard, time between fifty and fifty-five minutes. He hit the old Chisholm cattle trail and stuck to it most of the way, but everyone had the same privilege.

Perhaps a minority of the starters, however, were equipped with these high-speed outfits bound for the bonanza areas. Impassive covered wagons lumbered out at a walk toward regions less strenuously boomed, where they were sure of getting something. Some even made the race on foot. For that matter every quarter section adjoining the starting line was taken by someone who merely stepped across and drove his stake.

When a man staked his claim the next thing to do was to exhibit his registration paper and make a declaration at one of the four government land offices in the Strip. That was called filing. The four land offices and a few railroad stations were the only buildings in the new domain. The postoffices were in tents. The officials of the land offices and postoffices, with soldiers on duty at each, were, in theory and for practical purposes in fact, the sole population of the Strip up to the firing of the gun for the Run.

About half past twelve o'clock young Pat Wilcox, the assistant postmaster at Enid—the government Enid—climbed to the roof of the L-shaped land office and looked south. At first he saw nothing but prairie, then a dust cloud that grew and grew. Out of this cloud rode Walter Cook on a sweat-lathered horse. He knew the geography of that naked plain. A hundred yards north of the land office he leaped from his saddle and staked the most coveted one hundred and sixty acres in the Cherokee Strip—the one forming the north side of the public square of the Enid townsite. Then came Ben Clampitt's buckboard pitching like a ship in a gale. Ben spared a moment to toss a dollar to a soldier at the land office well in exchange for a canteen of water and staked the same claim as Mr. Cook. Two others also staked that claim and two or three hundred others squatted on it and incorporated themselves as the town of Jonesville. The Strip's most celebrated contest case followed, in which Cook lost out clean and the organized squatters won the big end of a compromise.

Before Mr. Wilcox had time to reflect at any length on the arrival of Messrs. Cook and Clampitt the dust cloud had enveloped the Enid townsite and with it came the advance guard of riders in strength. In two hours every town lot and claim

within a radius of five miles was staked—some of them more than once. The Rock Island train whistled but did not stop. The Rock Island was out to populate the other Enid three miles up the track. But the government townsite was favored by many of the passengers, who began jumping from the cars and rolling down the embankment by the Boggy Creek bridge. Joe Meibergen was picked up and laid in the shade of the land office with a broken leg. He had made the jump with his cousin Marinus Godschalk in order to start Enid's first clothing store. It was started a couple of days later and Mr. Meibergen became one of Enid's early mayors.

But no one paid much attention to him that first afternoon. By sundown six or seven thousand people were milling around on the Enid townsite kicking up dust. The heat had been terrific. One crowd eddied about the land office, another about the land office well and another about a coffee stand that proved a mint for a crew of thrifty Negroes from Kingfisher.

The next day was Sunday and the crowd grew to ten thousand as people began to ride in from the surrounding prairie to file. The wind blew a gale. The dust obscured the sun, covering everything and everyone. An army of unshaven men and a few women, with hair and clothes full of grit, tried to pass the time and get something to eat. Two church congregations were organized and two saloons began business in tents. Captain and Mrs. Lee opened up with drum and tambourine and Cal Orner, the Pabst Brewery agent, took up a special collection for them. Several hundred tents were erected with difficulty and a solid caravan of wagons stretched across the prairie hauling freight billed to the government Enid but thrown off at the railroad Enid. A thousand people slept that night in the land office filing line.

The storm lasted a week. Meantime Enid acquired a municipal government by *viva-voce* vote on the dust-blown plain. The first act of the government was to levy an occupation tax on all but lawyers. It even cost a dollar to fish in Boggy Creek. Why lawyers were exempt is not clear, but the influence of numbers is suggestive. A census taken a few weeks later enumerates one hundred and six attorneys ready to assist the confused thousands in the land office line and to institute contest cases. Their tents were everywhere and some sign painter cleaned up lettering them with the names and qualifications of the occupants.

The new municipal government's authority was short-lived, however. Rumors of irregularities with the occupation tax and graft in the manipulation of the land-office line cut it down in its prime and another administration was enthusiastically installed, headed by Mayor John C. Moore, a resolute old ex-Confederate. The reform administration gave more satisfaction and Enid began to progress. Tents gave way to shacks and shacks to "permanent" structures with imposing false fronts, but none so



High noon, September 16, 1893—an actual photograph of the start of one of the great races of American history. More than 160,000 men and women took part in the dash to grab off the choicest parcels in the Strip

grand as that of the Montezuma Hotel. A volunteer fire department, in fact two volunteer fire departments, were formed and to be a member of either was equivalent to having one's name in Burke's Peerage. One department rallied about the Anheuser-Busch truck and the other about the Pabst truck. They consolidated, however, retaining the best features of each, and gave a ball which the *Daily Wave* described as "a complete success. The dancing was above the average. There were about 150 gentlemen present and at least 60 ladies, handsomely attired. The deportment of all was in the line of strict gentility."

There was a trained cub bear at the Midway Dance Hall and the pride of the Coney Island Saloon was a pet coon with a large personal following.

One night the coon got loose and was pursued down the street. The fugitive dived under the wall of a tent and sank its teeth in the leg of a gentleman who was sleeping there. The disturbed lodger took his gun from under his pillow and shot the coon. A moment later the slayer was yanked from his blankets by friends of the late deceased. "Feeling ran high" said the *Wave*, "until the culprit apologized" explaining that he was a stranger and "did not know the animal was a pet."

Enid would have been freer to enjoy these diversions, however, had not her existence as a town been menaced because the trains could not be made to stop. Hauling everything from North Town, as the railroad Enid was called, made life in South Town inconvenient and expensive. North Town was the only Enid a stranger got to see unless he cared to risk a trip in a stage that was methodically stoned by the foes of South Town. People coming from the east to invest in Enid were more likely to settle in the Enid with railroad facilities and the belligerent backing of a rich corporation. In that way North Town acquired a fairly solid population of two thousand, five hundred against South Town's dwindling five thousand, many of whom were simply camping until they could get their affairs straightened out at the land office and move to their claims and build sod houses.

The North Town-South Town feud grew. Personal encounters

were daily occurrences between bands of vigilantes maintained by both settlements. The narrow confines of the English language were inadequate for what the rival journalists had to say of each other. But these things did not stop the trains at South Town. City ordinances, red lanterns and dynamite caps on the tracks did not stop them—after which South Town took up a collection and sent a delegation to Washington to try for an Act of Congress. The attempt was unsuccessful, although Alderman Gregg wrote back that it cost him six dollars to hold ten minutes "conversation" with two Senators "as they drank nothing but Bon View champagne." The situation called for other measures, so the railroad bridge at South Town was sawed down.

A freight train ran off and was demolished, as was a tramp who was borrowing a ride. Federal troops rode in and there was a spell of martial law, but nobody learned who sawed the trestle.

For some time all trains stopped at South Town so the engineers could get out and see if the bridges were there. But the passengers were not allowed out of the cars.

Things looked badly for South Town. The Rock Island commanded more ready cash than could have been raised in the entire Strip, and was spending what was necessary to advance the cause of North Town in the town-site war. Its agents were all over the

Strip gathering local evidence in favor of North Town. Once in a while a Rock Island spy was caught in South Town and treated to a ride on a four-by-four. Probably some who were thus ridden were innocent of the crime alleged. One way of effacing a personal enemy was to start the story that he was in the pay of the Rock Island. The

Rock Island also maintained a lobby in Washington and those were the good old days of simplified procedure in the lobbying line.

But your old-time Western boomer was a hard man to figure. He might shove in his whole stack of chips when the cards were running leanest. Statistics will probably show that he lost more often than he won by those tactics, but there is a satisfaction in losing grandly.

When South Town's stock was lowest (Continued on page 46)

# FOLLOW ME!

**T**HIS war's got me worried," Squeak Anderson confessed plaintively, as he stood on a corner with his pal, Popeye McGurty, listening to a Liberty Loan speaker haranguing a lunch-hour street crowd.

Squeak looked worried. That, however, was nothing to arouse curiosity in those who knew him. Squeak always looked worried. His appearance did not belie his emotions—it did, however, exaggerate them. No human being could possibly endure the degree of harassment that Squeak's expression indicated. He was a short, pudgy young man with a round face, a snub nose, a small tight little mouth, and tiny light blue eyes. It took a number seventeen collar to comfortably circumnavigate his thick, short neck, but the voice formed by the vocal cords therein encased was a shrill, whiny tenor.

McGurty was long and lean, with big hands and feet, a prominent Adam's apple adorning a lengthy neck, a large and roughly romanesque nose, and big gray eyes that bulged from their sockets to such an extent that they almost seemed practical as knobs on which to hang minor articles of wearing apparel. He had a deep, organ-like voice, and he radiated confidence. Popeye McGurty believed in himself. He was serenely sure of his ability to meet successfully all emergencies that might arise. He knew what he knew, and never thought to doubt that he could guess right when definite knowledge failed him.

"Gettin' yourself another gray hair all for nothin', eh?" he said in a tone of kindly mockery, looking down at Squeak. "Ain't you ever goin' to learn to chew your food in peace and leave the thinkin' to me? What special thing about this great and glorious fracas that's now goin' on has started you to layin' awake nights? What is there about this war that's got you all steamed up?"

"I'm scared I'll have to go to it," Squeak explained.

"Sure you will!" Popeye agreed. "We're both goin' to it. I got that all figured out."

"I ain't goin' to no war less'n I'm drug!" Squeak protested shrilly. "I ain't mad at nobody, and how can a guy fight if he ain't sore? You remember that song they was singin' around everywhere awhile back—'I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier'—remember that? Well, my mother didn't write that song, but if she *had* of made it up it wouldn't have been no lie."

"Listen!" said Popeye. "Did I ever get you in trouble?"

"Plenty o' times," Squeak replied quickly. "How about when we was workin' up in that saw-mill in Seattle and you—"

"Never mind about rakin' that up," McGurty cut him off. "Any trouble I ever got you into I got you out of, didn't I? How long have you and me been runnin' together now?"

"Couple o' years," said Squeak.

"What'd I tell you when we started to travel around and go fifty-fifty? 'Follow me!' wasn't that what I told you? 'Follow me and we'll wear diamonds!' Didn't I tell you that when we first threw in together?"

"You find any di'monds on me, I'll give you ninety-nine percent of all you can hock 'em for," Squeak said viciously.

"All right," said Popeye tolerantly, "put it that way. You ain't got any diamonds. I admit you ain't. How long you been with me? Two years! You admit that yourself. What's two years? You've had fun, ain't you? You ain't in jail, are you?"

"Not now I ain't," Squeak admitted reluctantly, "but how about that time in Portland when you picked on that feller on the corner and he turned out to be a plain clothes man? How about that? And how about that time—"

"There you go rakin' up those things again!" Popeye said disgustedly. "How long was we in jail there in Portland? Thirty days! That's all! Thirty days! Is that anything to beef about? We got good grub, didn't we, while we was in there? We wasn't workin' then, anyhow. We didn't lose nothin'. We come out



feelin' better than we went in. That wasn't any more than a nice vacation. And when I ask you a simple question, you go and dig that up and twit me about it."

"I wasn't twittin' you," Squeak said apologetically. "I was

# By William Slavens McNutt

Illustrations by  
Raymond Sisley



*The major glared at Popeye. "Never mind what you told him," he said. "What are you going to tell me?"*

just tellin' you. Ya asked me, and I told ya."

"It sounded like twittin' to me," Popeye said in an injured tone.

"I told ya it wasn't twittin'," Squeak said hotly. "If you don't want to believe me, why you know what you can do!"

"Sure!" said Popeye solemnly. "I know. I'll go my way and you go yours. Good-bye!"

"Hey! Wait a minute!" Squeak said anxiously. "Don't go actin' up that way. There ain't no cause

for it. I wasn't twittin'. Honest I wasn't!"

"It sure sounded like it," said Popeye, half mollified.

"I'm sorry if it sounded that way," Squeak apologized. "Tell me now, what is it you got figured out for us about this war?"

"Follow me," said Popeye.

"All right," Squeak agreed reluctantly, "but where you goin'?"

"Into the Army," said Popeye.

"Into the Army?" Squeak shrieked. "Why, you long drink of water, I can get into the Army without followin' you. What I want to do is to follow some guy that'll keep me out."

"That's the way with you," Popeye said scornfully. "You're like a lot of other folks I know. You never look deep into things like I do. We're not only goin' into the Army, but we're goin' into the last branch of the service that you'd pick out to join."

"I ain't goin' to be no aviator," Squeak declared. "I don't care what you say, you can't argue me into having nothing to do with one of them flyin' machines."

"Who said anything about aviatin'?" Popeye asked scornfully.

"You said you was goin' into the last branch of the service I'd join, and that's it," said Squeak.

"How about the infantry?" Popeye asked.

"That's next to the last service I'd go into," Squeak agreed. "In the first place they walk an' I got bad dogs. In the second place, after they've walked as far as they can go they find out they're right up in front of everybody an' they have to fight with bayonets. I know; I read!"

"That just goes to show!" Popeye said, sadly shaking his head. "You don't look deep down into things. You want to stay out of the

war so the first thing you figure on is keepin' out of the army. Ain't that right?"

"Sure!" said Squeak. "That's sense!"

"It ain't sense at all!" Popeye argued. "In the first place you ain't goin' to be able to keep out of the Army because we're all goin' to be drug in whether we like it or not. The thing to do's get in early and learn the ropes. Then later on when all the suckers come in, we'll be wise and know how to make them do the dirty work. You can't tell. We might get to be officers by then and not have to do nothin'!"

"Well, supposin' that's true. What do you want to go into the infantry for?" Squeak persisted. "Why not this now, what they call quartermaster, or somethin' like that? Or maybe hospital orderlies?"

"That just goes to show again!" Popeye said. "You poor boob, don't you know that the infantry ain't ever goin' to get to France at all? All them fellers in the other branches of the service are goin' to be took over right away soon. All the quartermasters and truck drivers and good cooks and the hospital orderlies and all them. They're all goin' to be took right over to help out the other armies; but the infantry's got to stay here and learn how to fight. You take in a war like this you can't just pick up a gun and go right up to the front and fight without learnin' how. You got to be trained. While they're trainin' us, these other fellers that think they're smart, gettin' into them branches of the service like quartermaster and all them, they'll go over and help out them armies over there that's already trained and probably by the time we're ready to go, the war'll be all over. Be smart, guy! Be smart!"

"Is that the way it is?" Squeak asked anxiously. "The way you tell it to me?"

"Follow me!" Popeye advised. "Follow me and you'll live in peace, and die in your own bed from an over-dose of old age! I'm tellin' yuh."

He moved away. Squeak followed, partially convinced but still anxious.

"Where ya goin' now?" he asked plaintively.

"To a recruitin' station," Popeye enlightened him. "An infantry recruitin' station."

"Now?" Squeak exclaimed, as though he had just discovered the presence of an ulcerated tooth in his jaw. "Right now? Listen, Popeye, why not tomorrow? What's the matter with tomorrow? Ain't tomorrow a good day?"

"Follow me!" Popeye repeated. "Stick along, kid. Keep yourself cool in my shadow and you'll never be blistered by



"Room!" he said vehemently. "You know—bed, sleep, place to stay."

trouble. Just follow me and don't fret. I'm gonna pull yuh through this here war."

**A** GERMAN shell arched into the dark wood, its coming announced by a rising brassy shriek climaxed by a deafening bang and an upflare of bright flame where the missile lit. Fragments whanged and howled through the air and spatted into tree trunks. Squeak Anderson hugged the muddy bottom of an all too shallow fox hole and moaned a protest against Mars and all his works. The drip of water from rain-soaked trees was audible. Then a machine gun spoke rapidly and was silent.

"Hey!" said Squeak in a high half-whisper. "Hey! Popeye!"

"What do you want?" Popeye growled from the next fox hole to the left.

"I'm cold," Squeak whimpered.

"Well!" said Popeye. "What of it? Is that your idea of somethin' to talk about? You don't think I'm lyin' here in my shirt-sleeves sweatin', do you?"

"I'm wet," Squeak complained further. "Cheese! I'm wet!"

"You get that way lyin' out in the rain with nothin' over ya," Popeye enlightened him. "You'll learn that for yourself in time."

"I'm hungry," Squeak continued.

"All right!" Popeye snarled belligerently. "You're cold an' wet an' hungry, I got that all memorized. Anything else in your mind?"

"That one lit close, didn't it?" Squeak said nervously.

"Nah!" said Popeye scornfully. "That was fifty yards away."

"It throwed dirt on me," Squeak insisted.

"Dirt ain't goin' to hurt ya," Popeye assured him. "What are ya beefin' about, Squeak? Everything's all right. Say, listen! Didn't I pick a spot to dig in here? There ain't been a thing hit within fifty yards of us. You and me got the best two fox holes in France. Didn't I pick a spot to hole in?"

The faint beginning of a metallic whine became audible far and high in the dark, wet sky.

"Ooh!" said Squeak, wriggling face down in a futile attempt to bury his body further in the mud of his fox hole. "Here comes another one!"

"That ain't comin' this way," Popeye said scornfully. "We got the best two fox holes in—"

The arriving shell finished the sentence for him. The sound of its approach swelled from a whine to a roar. There was a thunder-clap bang, and a mushroom of flame flared up from exactly between the two best fox holes in France. Silence again and the audible drip of

water from the trees. The silence was broken by the sound of frantic body movements.

"Popeye!" Squeak called shrilly. "Popeye, help! I'm half buried."

There was no answer.

"Popeye!" Squeak called again wildly. "Popeye! Where are ya?"

There was a thrashing in the mud and a mumble. Then a thick, choked voice: "For the love o' God, will ya shut up 'til I get the mud out of my mouth!"

"Are ya hurt?" Squeak asked anxiously.

"Nah!" said Popeye. "I ain't hurt. I got buried. It throwed dirt all over me."

"Dirt won't hurt ya," said Squeak. "That one stuck right up and laid on us, didn't it?"

"Lit right between us," said Popeye. "Am I a picker, kid? Did I get us a couple o' fox holes where we'd be safe? Right between us, it lit. If we'd been five foot different from where we was, we'd of been spread over the tree-tops for a mile each way. You follow me, kid, and you'll never know worry."

"I followed ya!" Squeak said bitterly. "I followed ya into the army, and I bet us two set a record gettin' from the recruitin' station to the front line!"

"There ya go beefin'!" said Popeye. "You don't look deep into things. We're here, ain't we?"

"I'll say we're here!" Squeak agreed fervently.

"We're alive, ain't we?"

"That ain't nothin' to cheer about, the way I feel," Squeak said, "cold an' wet an' hungry an' lyin' in a mud puddle!"

"You ain't got it figgered right," Popeye said. "We're up here now and we're gettin' ours. All right! Pretty soon we get pulled out o' the line and sent back to a rest sector, see? Nice barracks and plenty o' vin rouge and cognac and a lot o' mademoiselles around and everything. Just about the time we're back there sittin' pretty, them other guys'll be over here. About that time the war'll get hot, see? They'll be up here headin' fer Berlin and we'll be back there livin' sweet and readin' about it in the newspapers. Prob'ly before we get sent back in again, the war'll be over. You don't know your luck."

"If what I got now is luck, I wish I had a rabbit's foot on me so I could throw it away," said Squeak.

There was the sound of a movement in the woods in front of them and a little to their right.

"Halt!" the lieutenant's voice spoke sharply. "Who's there?"

"Milwaukee!" a voice from the woods replied. That was the pass-word for the night.

"Come in, Milwaukee!" the lieutenant called.

The sound of a man advancing cautiously in the dark.

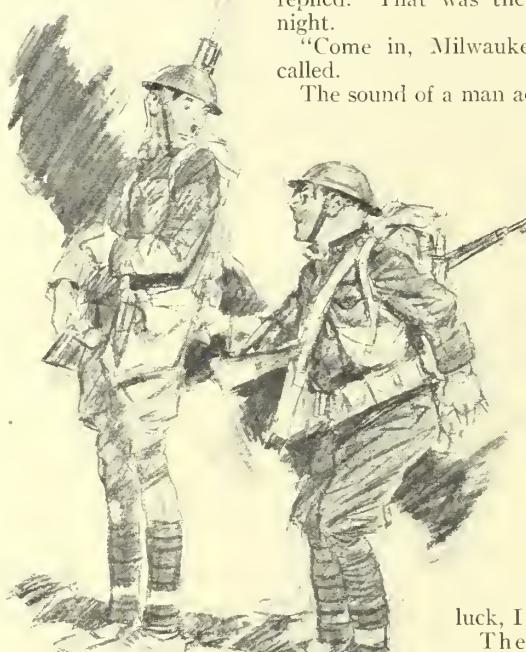
"It's that G-2 raidin' party," Popeye whispered to Squeak.

"They've been out after prisoners. S'posin' you was in G-2 boy, havin' to go out on a night like this lookin' for prisoners. Pretty soft for us here lyin' in a couple of the best fox holes in France, while them guys goes out and does the work. You don't know your luck, I tell ya!"

The man advancing through the woods met and spoke to the platoon commander.

"All right!" the newcomer called into the dark. "Come ahead, fellows!"

A low murmur of voices in the woods and the sound



"Come on!" he panted. "What are you stoppin' for here?"



*"Popeye!" Squeak called again wildly. "Popeye! Where are ya?"*

of several men approaching. A very light signal soared into the air.

"Now, watch!" McGurty whispered to Squeak. "Our guns will put over a barrage—that's the signal for it."

"You watch!" Squeak replied without enthusiasm. "I'm goin' to lay here with my eyes shut an' think of a steak. A great big hot steak with a peck o' fried onions piled on top of it, an' a platter o' fresh-made hot biscuits."

"McGurty!" the lieutenant called. "Corporal McGurty!"

"Yes, sir," said Popeye.

"Five prisoners here. Pick a man and take 'em back to Major Haskell in G-2 at division."

"Oh, baby!" Popeye whispered to Squeak. "Here's where you an' me get a nice fat trip all the way back to division headquarters. Hot food back there, kid. Follow me, boy! Follow me and get fat!"

The two took over the German prisoners and started back. As they did so, the black sky grew noisy with the whistly voices of flying metal winging toward the German lines.

"That's our barrage startin'," Popeye said. "Pretty soon them Germans'll get sore and start throwin' a lot o' stuff back. When it comes we'll be gone, boy. We'll be gone away from

here. Back to division where they got hot food. Follow me, kid! Follow me and get all the breaks!"

They emerged from the woods, crossed an open field and came to a road, on which motors moved.

"Easy walkin' here, guy," Popeye said jubilantly. "No more skinnin' our shins stumbling through them dark woods. Right on the boulevard for us."

"I hear these roads is what they shoot at," Squeak said pessimistically. "I'd rather have a skinned shin than get hit by one o' them big babies and spread all over the highway like a shovel full o' fine sand in a high wind."

"There ya go again!" said Popeye. "Always beefin'! Never satisfied!"

"Duck!" Squeak yelled. "Here they come!"

There was no doubt that he was right. The night air was tortured with the howl of arriving shells. Squeak and Popeye dived into a roadside ditch together and lay flattened out, while all about them the equivalent of an explosion in a munitions factory made the night hideous with noise and hellish with jets of flame. The downpour of shells lasted for a full three minutes and ended as abruptly as it began.

"You all right, Popeye?" Squeak (Continued on page 62)

# EDITORIAL

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## Uncle Sam's Slingshots

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

PROBABLY centuries elapsed before the flyweights in that part of Palestine gave up their slingshots. From David they had learned that a slingshot, which cost little or nothing, was a great leveler between them and the contemporary Tunneys, who were rich and could afford swords. One only wonders if the remaining giants had learned their lesson from the downfall of Goliath—if they acquired slingshots and practiced with them.

It is more likely that the heavyweights called a conference and asked the flyweights not to use slingshots any more. Even today rich nations, like Great Britain, demand every now and then that the nations which cannot afford costly battleships abandon their submarines. Fortunately, even perhaps for Great Britain, the states with few battleships and depleted treasures stick to their torpedoes. They have invented a slogan: "The submarine is the poor nation's weapon." Occasionally there comes a suggestion from the United States, another rich and powerful country, that submarines be abolished by universal agreement. Secretary of State Kellogg suggested as much in February. France immediately demurred.

Italy acknowledges sympathy for the French point of view. Japan, having many fine battleships but no plethora of gold, is on the fence. A majority of naval strategists will agree that France and Italy are extremely well advised in their policy. But there is no great technical acclaim for the Americans who think this country can dispense with submarines. We may be a Goliath in the Western Hemisphere, but we would be a David if we had to take our fleet thousands of miles before it could give battle. Hawaii is 2,400 miles away. The Philippines are nearly three times as far. Probably a majority of strategists will also agree with National Commander Spafford of The American Legion, who, in accordance with Legion policy, brought the country's attention to the inadvisability of our taking any step looking toward the abolition of submarines.

Submarines are as necessary to the defense of this country and its territories as they are to the defense of France. It is reasonable to believe, and the evidence would compel us to believe, that American plans for the contingency of war in the Pacific rely upon submarines to protect the Philippines and Hawaii. With our battle fleet in the Pacific, only submarines and aircraft could defend the Caribbean entrance to the Panama Canal against attack.

Although it is an offensive weapon of great power,

the submarine is the defensive weapon par excellence. There is no fleet on earth that would not, in all probability, be crippled in an attack on any port defended by forty submarines. This assertion is not founded on theory but on experience. Von Tirpitz is authority for the statement that not even coastal fortifications contributed more than submarines to the immunity from naval attack enjoyed by the German littoral during the World War.

Congress has recently shown a belated interest in the construction of cruisers for our Navy. We need all that have been provided for. But for the price of one cruiser, American money can build ten modern coast-defense submarines. The cruising or mine-laying submarine of the new V-boat type costs about one-third more than one of the newly authorized 10,000-ton cruisers.

In 1924, according to Janes' "Fighting Ships of the World," we had 127 submarines. Our nearest competitor, Japan, had eighty. France had sixty-nine, Great Britain had sixty-four, Italy had fifty-one. Most of the submarines of all nations were becoming obsolete. Consequently, the next three years saw a decided falling off in submarine strength throughout the world. At present we have about eighty submarines in commission. Britain has sixty, Japan has fifty-nine, France has forty-six and Italy has forty. We have held the lead only because our submarines have lasted better; they were designed to sacrifice a few minor fighting qualities to longevity.

But we are running behind on construction. We are building nine V-boats—the finest ships of their kind in the world. But once they are completed we have no plans to build more. Great Britain also inclines, Goliath-like, to stick to the good old sword. Only four new submarines are planned to fly His Majesty's flag. Meantime Japan is planning for five fleet submarines, two first-line submarines and three minelayers. France will build fourteen first-line submersibles and two undersea minelayers. Italy will have four fleet submarines, nine for the first line and two minelayers. In a month or so we shall commission our only undersea minelayer.

The antipathy of Congress to submarine defense probably is a reaction to public sentiment. The country reeks with anti-submarine propaganda, which centers on the sinking of the *S-51* in 1925 and of the *S-4* in 1927. Anti-preparedness advocates were quick to capitalize on these disasters, which cost seventy-one lives. As a result, the public is all but convinced that the submarine is a weapon of no merit but of exceeding danger to its users.

This belief is almost altogether fallacious. Except for a relative lack of buoyancy, a submarine is as safe as any surface ship, and the lack of buoyancy becomes a menace only when the submarine's



## THE BROAD HIGHWAY

hull is badly damaged. Since 1919 we have lost five submarines through sinking, including the *S-51* and the *S-4*. Four of the five were sunk in collisions with other ships. The fifth, the *S-38*, was flooded when a recruit removed the bolts which attached a sea valve to her bottom. The same causes might have sunk any surface ship.

Recently five American submarines went out for torpedo practice. Submerged below periscope depth—out of sight of other ships or of aircraft—they stalked their quarry exclusively by the sense of hearing, by using their listening devices. At a range of six hundred yards these invisible vessels fired torpedoes at theoretical enemy ships, moving on the

surface. Four out of five torpedoes hit their targets.

This illustrates the efficiency of the modern submarine. Are any warships more valuable than such craft? As to defense against submarines—the World War demonstrated that they are their own best defense. In proportion to their numbers, Allied submarines sank twice as many German U-boats as did Allied surface craft or aircraft.

We are the richest nation on earth. We have valuable, coveted insular possessions which, because of their distance from our battle fleet, must rely for defense upon submarines. Merely because we are a Goliath of the modern world, there is no valid reason why we should throw away our slingshots.

# MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

*By Richard Seelye Jones*

OUR well-known friend, the average citizen, has his own pet and particular diagnoses of insanity. Off-hand, he can, if he wants to, give you a detailed statement of the relative mental stability of a hundred friends and acquaintances. The question of personal likes and dislikes will subconsciously have a lot to do with it. In a friend some queer little quirk is only a harmless eccentricity; the same crotchet in the intellectual makeup of someone he doesn't care for is a sure sign of aberration.

The United States Government is in no such happy situation. It has been obliged to decide, literally, accurately and mathematically, exactly how insane some thirty or forty thousand ex-service men are, and then to keep track of them to determine whether they are getting better or worse. Also, after making each and every such determination, it is obliged to do something about each case, and to keep on doing.

Consider then what the Veterans Bureau is up against. There is ex-Private Alfred R—, who was dazed by a shell burst in the Argonne Forest back in the fall of 1918. When Alfred R— returned home his relatives saw a difference, and asked the Government what it was going to do about it. The Government declared that Alfred had been permanently and totally disabled in line of duty, and should be compensated accordingly. Since he was in no condition to handle money, his father, Henry R—, was appointed his legal guardian. This was on May 15, 1919—and the compensation payments dated back to the previous March. Alfred had taken out ten thousand dollars' worth of War Risk Insurance, which indicates that he had a reasonably normal mind prior to events in the Argonne, and Uncle Sam concluded that his insurance payments should date from back in December, 1918. In addition to paying \$157.50 to Alfred's father and guardian, the Government placed Alfred in a hospital, and later built a new and very fine specialized hospital for the care of Alfred and several hundred others in similar difficulties, and set about trying to reconstruct their shattered nervous systems.

Thus it would seem that Uncle Sam was really doing the big thing by Alfred. In the years that followed it did more. In fact it cured him. A day arrived when it appeared to the physician concerned that Alfred was taking up a lot of good room in a high class hospital when he might very well be pursuing a gainful occupation, and he told Alfred so. And while they were fixing up his papers, to send Alfred back into the world a hale and hearty youth, they reminded him that he would be pretty well fixed for his new start in life because he would have about \$12,000 in hard, cold cash which his guardian had been receiving and accumulating for him all the time he was in the tangled woods of mental oblivion.

"And who is this nice kind guardian," queried Alfred, "that I may hasten to thank him, and collect the twelve thousand dollars?"

"Why, didn't you know? It's your father, Henry R—."



*Watson B. Miller, Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, and H. M. Seydel, Chief of the Guardianship Division of the United States Veterans Bureau, at work on a complicated case in the Bureau's main file section. The pile of documents under Mr. Miller's hand is the file of a single case*

ing to see him some years before.

And there you are.

Except for this conclusion to the investigator's report:

"Since the relation of the committee [guardian] to the soldier is that of father, the Bureau appreciates the difficulty in the way of successfully prosecuting this case criminally. In view of the evidence, however, it is apparent that there have been misappropriations of the funds received by the committee and on that basis the matter was submitted to the Department of Justice."

Whether his father is ever prosecuted and sent to jail or not, it is likely that Alfred has lost what the Government tried to pay him, and in that respect he is one of many hundreds, and probably thousands, of Alfreds. The tale of the mental cases under the care of the Veterans Bureau is not a jest. It is one of war's grim tragedies, and it is borne by the afflicted men and by their families only because human nature adjusts us to bearing of those burdens which fate places upon us. One of its grim phases has been the forgetfulness and selfishness of parents, the failure and even frauds of guardians, the disappearance of millions of dollars paid out by the Government for the aid of these men into channels which brought no benefit whatever to the sufferers.

The case of Alfred R— is one of the thousands which have created, in the Veterans Bureau, the "guardianship problem." In the solving of that problem the whole great structure of the

"Sacred pickerel!" quoth the ex-private, "Has the old gent got all that money?"

"He has indeed," the young man was assured. "Won't it be fine for him to see you all well again?"

"Try and find him," murmured Alfred.

This cryptic statement led to the revelation that Alfred had not, for a considerable number of years, heard anything whatsoever from his parent and guardian. No benefits had come to him from the payments which the Veterans Bureau had been making every month. Uncle Sam had furnished food, shelter, clothes and hospital care for Alfred; welfare organizations had supplied him with an occasional toothbrush and cigarettes. The Legion radio fund had given him his entertainment from the air. He had made belts and baskets in the training classes at the hospital, and sold some of them. Such had been his sources of livelihood, and of guardian he had no knowledge whatsoever. His own idea was that his

only surviving parent had died or moved away, and as time had gone on he had rather forgotten about the matter. When he learned that twelve thousand dollars had been paid to the parent for the sole use, benefit and welfare of himself, Alfred, he expressed a minimum hope of ever locating father or funds.

A Veterans Bureau investigator did find Henry R—, and Henry admitted that he had cashed the checks and spent the money, but asserted that since Alfred was in the hospital, and would, so far as he knew, always be there, he could not see that money was any use to the boy. Since it had pained him to see Alfred that way, he had quit going to see him some years before.

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The case of Alfred R— is one of the thousands which have created, in the Veterans Bureau, the "guardianship problem." In the solving of that problem the whole great structure of the

Bureau has to a great extent been remodeled and reconstructed. In 1925, when the Veterans Bureau first made a concentrated effort to find out how the guardians of mentally incompetent veterans, and the guardians of minor children of veterans, were administering their trusts, it wrote to each guardian asking for an accounting. By return mail more than \$100,000 came in to the Bureau from conscience-stricken guardians who admitted they had not applied the government checks to the welfare of their wards.

This sudden influx of conscience money startled Director Frank T. Hines and other officials of the Bureau. It indicated plainly a widespread misappropriation of these funds. Legally the Bureau had at that time almost no basis for actions. Guardians are appointed by state courts, not by the Federal Government or the Bureau. In law they were accountable to the court which appointed them, and not to the Bureau. The Bureau had substantially nothing to do but pay the proper compensation and insurance checks to the guardian, and let the local court see to it that the money was properly used for the benefit of the soldier or the minor child. Unhappily not all local probate courts function efficiently in performing this duty. Guardians are appointed by some courts and never called on for an accounting. In other States only a formal report is made to the court, which is never really examined. In but few States do the courts have a legal duty thoroughly to keep in touch with guardian and ward, and in few States do courts have the assistance thoroughly to perform such functions.

In very many places, unless complaint is made, the court assumes that all is well. A child or a man in a hospital, knowing probably nothing of his rights or of the law, is unlikely to complain.

The conscience money which came in response to the first Veterans Bureau letter in 1925 was the real beginning of the clearing up of the guardianship problem. With approximately 24,000 minors and 22,000 veterans under guardianship, and the number steadily increasing, the Bureau recognized that there was a situation in which the state courts could not be expected to bring about any prompt or uniform remedy. Indeed, in some States the practice varied considerably in different counties, and in many places the courts vigorously resented Federal interference. The first step in the Bureau was to set up a guardianship section, to study the whole problem and act when it might. The National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, which had been in contact with many cases and had made frequent complaints, was freely consulted; The American Legion Auxiliary was asked for aid, and the problem was seriously and purposefully attacked.

It was not wholly a new problem. Congress had mulled it over on numerous occasions. The famous case of Private Smith, of the States of Pennsylvania and Washington, had been thrashed over in many a Congressional committee room, but Congress had been loth to interfere in the matter of state court procedure.

Private Smith, a native of Pennsylvania, was in an outfit which was discharged at Camp Lewis, in the State of Wash-

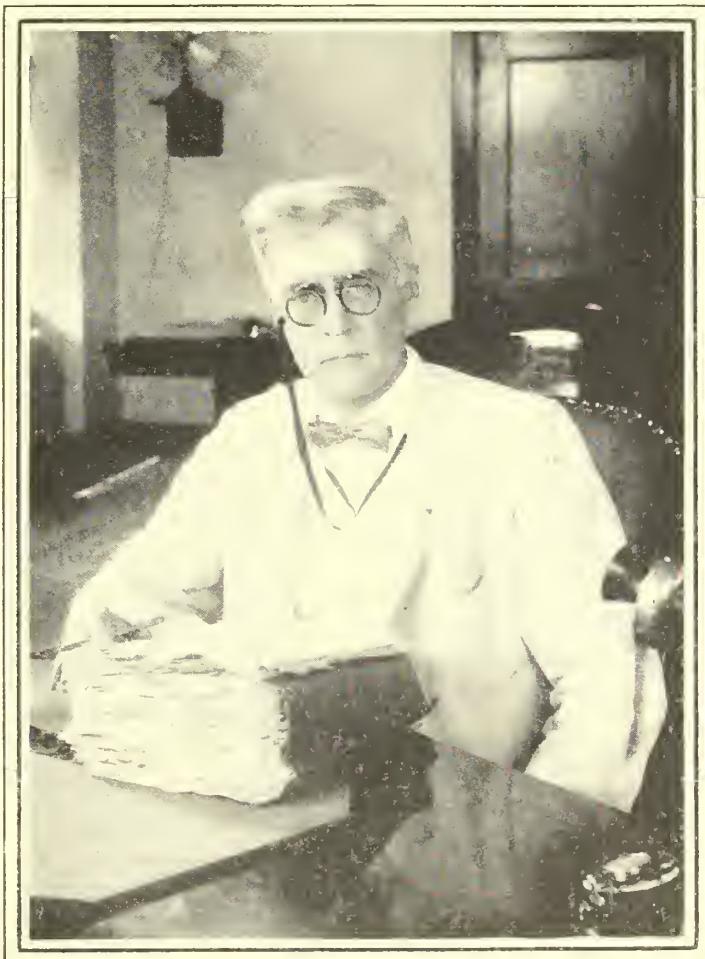
ton. At Camp Lewis he was married, and in that State he was pronounced incompetent and his wife named as his guardian. Smith was neither hopelessly nor violently insane, and it came about that his mother made a trip to see him, and took him back with her to Pennsylvania. In that State she applied to the courts and was appointed his guardian. The wife in the West then set up a complaint that Smith had been kidnapped, and got a warrant for his return to a State hospital in Washington. At this point members of Congress from both States were approached, and each delegation urged the Veterans Bureau to get and keep the veteran in its State. Charges flew back and forth between wife and mother, alleging undue anxiety to get hold of the insurance and compensation money. But even granting that each was sincerely anxious merely to have the husband or son near her, to minister to his welfare, the legal complications remained quite intricate. Congressmen proposed amendments to the World War Veterans Act to suit the case of Smith, and rival Congressmen defeated the amendments.

This and other involved cases had been pending for years before 1925, but always the conflict of States rights prevented a definite solution. No act of Congress in the history of the nation had permitted the Federal Government to go into the court of a State and take charge of the affairs of a citizen of the State who was a ward of the court. The question went to the deepest roots of our form of government, a federation of sovereign States. Statesmen shuddered at what would happen to the Constitution if Private Smith were moved over a state line. When he moved, warrants for kidnapping were sworn out. Governors held extradition hearings. It was a merry how-de-do.

The guardianship section of the Bureau, with its Legion allies, accumulated a great amount of evidence during 1925 to offer to Congress in behalf of an amendment to the law which would permit the Bureau effectively to protect its wards, even if it required appearance in state courts. How quickly any improvement would have been worked out remains uncertain, had it not been for the Fenning case, which because of its political accompaniments commanded unstinted attention from the press. Whether the public hullabaloo was warranted or not, it served to bring about emergency action by Congress which gave to the Veterans Bureau some of the powers which it needed.

Frederick A. Fenning is a lawyer in Washington, D.C., who for years specialized in guardianship law. In the District of Columbia a guardian is legally called a "committee," a term handed down from ancient days when committees of several persons handled the estates of the mentally incompetent. Mr. Fenning became committee for a great many persons, chiefly inmates of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, which is the men-

tal hospital for the District of Columbia and also for members of the Regular Army and Navy. A good number of World War veterans drifted into Washington and were sent to St. Elizabeth's for treatment. When no relative appeared to protect the legal interests of a patient Mr. Fenning was often named by the District courts as committee. He had considerably (Continued on page 73)



William Wolff Smith, General Counsel, United States Veterans Bureau, and first Commander of National Press Club Post of the Legion, is in charge of the legal force engaged in securing justice for thousands of mentally incompetent World War veterans



## *Sixth Episode:* BORDEAUX BLUES

**B**LACK WEEK hit the Gang after a monotonous string of days and nights filled with plain hard work. A rumor relative to pay day inspired long thoughts of vang, vimmen, and vocal exercises.

In spite of deductions the blackjack financiers and dice addicts were in a gloatful mood, for Lady Luck had boomed the Gang with an increment of ten Replacements whose travels had kept them one jump ahead of the Pay Call for six months.

"Figger it out for yourself," Jimmy the Ink advised. "These ten birds drag down over thirty dollars a month, and that's three hundred dollars. They ain't heard the pay car rumble for five months. That adds up to a grand and a half."

"Fifteen hundred bucks!"

"Us Rabble can reap bokoo profits if the cards drop right."

"They'll drop right—no stranger ever had a chance in this outfit."

Contemplated profits to accrue from the Replacement victims gave rise to a train of engagements scheduled to follow the last notes of the Pay Call. "Lissen, mon Cheery, bokoo francs will be put out probably right after supper. I git me a mess of poker or blackjack or craps, and then toot sweet me and vous promenade to Bordeaux in a hack. That sounds tray bean, nest pa?"

Of a surety, the prospectus glittered. "And when is it to be the payday?"

"Probably when the Loot gets back from Bordeaux Saturday afternoon."

Returning from Bordeaux on Saturday afternoon, the Loot brought with him an intangible cargo of shattered hopes. "No pay until next week." In the Dodge at the Loot's right sat a sour major, wearing whiskers. "Major Pedicure will orate a lecture on the care of the feet immediately after supper," the Loot announced at Retreat.

Morale evaporated into the steam that floated above the potato kettle when Mess Call blew. In return for an oversized ration of goldfish Old Pop Sibley promulgated a theme to which, presently, all of the old timers in the Gang added their venomous

## HERE'S

contributions. "Looks like A. E. F. means 'All Eat Fish,'" Pop Sibley grumbled. "I'm fed up on fins. The feller that wrote 'Columbia the Gem of the Ocean' prolly meant the Columbia River where salmon is thickest."

"Ever since we went to work for Uncle Sam we been eatin' Uncle Salmon. Rabble, there's a trick in it some place."

After supper, adding insult to injury, Major Pedicure held forth on The Care of the Feet.

"What us damn heroes need is somebody to orate on The Care of the Stomach instead of our damn feet."

"Yeah—you sure got plenty of feet."

"Boy, these shoes ain't my size. I can do a right-face inside these shoes without movin' 'em. They's so much room in these shoes that when I walked to work this morning they didn't get there till five minutes after I did."

"Shut up. Whiskers is goin' to begin his show."

"A soldier cannot march with sore feet," Major Pedicure began, and then, drooling through the rest of the quotation from the Manual, he added a burbling hour laden with four-cylinder words and technical phrases which left the Gang ready for whatever desperate enterprise might offer temporary relief.

After Taps, in a heart-to-heart conference with the Loot, "Something's got to break around here pretty soon or something's gonna bust," the Top predicted.

"Something will break," the Loot affirmed, voicing his faith in Lady Luck. "There's nothing seriously wrong with the Gang as long as they say it out loud. Safety valve. We don't have to worry until the Gang begins to bottle up its belly-aches. The ration question is—"

The Loot was interrupted by the roar of a motorcycle which halted with a volley of exhausts at the door of the Headquarters shack. In the wake of an orderly a courier came tramping down the hallway.

"Lieutenant, here's a hot note from the colonel," the courier announced, discarding all of his military manner. Then to eliminate suspense, "The Regiment is ordered to the front!"



# LUCK! *By HUGH WILEY*

Three paragraphs into the formal order, the Loot was deaf to outside things. He nodded absently to the courier's announcement.

Speaking quietly to the orderly who fidgeted in the doorway, anticipating a preliminary to the impending activity, "Wake up Squad One and tell 'em to report here right now," Spike Randall ordered.

Quietly the Loot read through the seven paragraphs of the order which meant Action, and then, to Spike, "The Regiment assembles and moves up in three drags. Get me some messengers . . . we get transportation at 5 A.M. Highball at six." The Loot scribbled five names on a sheet of note paper and handed it to the Top. "Send a man out pronto with a flock of compliments and get these officers in here on the run. They take charge of the project when we leave. Break out the rifles and some portable chow. Get the lieutenants on deck. Round up any of the Gang that are on night shift. Tell Frog to get on the switchboard and keep a line cleared to the Base and another to Regimental Headquarters, wherever the hell that is. The company will assemble, all dolled up, at midnight."

While the lieutenant was speaking, the Top, impelled by some long-abandoned instinct, got up from the chair in which he had slouched in a comfortable position, and stood at attention.

The act was an index of the transition which that night characterized the morale of the Gang.

At midnight, facing the company, the Loot was conscious of the fact that the outfit had clicked into an intelligent submission to military discipline. Easy and informal things had vanished, and here, where construction men had drooped at ease, was a fighting unit, rigid at attention.

A new respect, an increment of admiration for his outfit, filled the heart of the lieutenant as the Gang barked their responses to the roll call through the darkness. They were on the eve of realizing the great ambition which had swept them into the Big Game. It seemed as if the old chagrin which the Gang had felt when its prompt answer to the nation's first appeal had gone unheeded was swept away by this acknowledgment of its country's

need. High Command had at last confessed its dependence on the Gang, and eagerly, into the black night, the Gang responded.

"Corporal Badger."

Silence. Corporal Badger, A. W. O. L., was in a fair way to get himself ventilated by a firing squad.

And then, before three seconds of silence had punctured the roll call, from his position ten paces behind Jimmy the Ink, the Loot barked, "Here!"

The Gang took a deep breath—"The Loot can figure it out someway—" and returned to its long, long thoughts. Plenty of cartridges. Without 'em this gun is a ten-pound nuisance . . . damn these new shoes . . . eight suits of underwear is too much for a man to wear . . . I bet Fifi will miss me—and the Lord make mine a bullet or a lump of shell . . . the bayonet. Thrust, lunge, strike, cut . . . even if you get stuck clean through your guts there's a little dingus inside you that squirts sort of a pain killer into your blood and you don't feel it . . . don't feel it much . . . Well, whichever way she breaks is all right with me. That's what I come for . . .

At half past five, in a drizzle of rain, the Gang climbed into the long train which was to haul it up the line.

Ten minutes before the hour scheduled for their departure, the police detail, having conquered its mountains of abandoned debris, came up, was checked on board, and stowed itself away in the cramped freight cars. Acute discomforts were regarded lightly or neglected, for here was the beginning of the Real Thing.

At five minutes to six another company of the Regiment, jerked from its own job and assembled as a fighting unit, came rolling in on its special train which stood abreast of the Gang's rolling stock on the main line. A din of salutations echoed back and forth between the two trains. Everybody knew everybody, and no rain could dampen the Gang's delight.

Three minutes before the hour, accompanied by the Chef de

*Illustrations by  
Herbert M. Stoops*

Gare, the Loot and the Top came out of the railway station and headed for the train on the side track. Midway of the train the Chef de Gare essayed an overture on the penny whistle which should presently launch the Gang into the great adventure. The ridiculous quality of the penny whistle piping went unnoticed; then, realizing the significance of this signal, the Gang submerged the thin, shrill notes in a cheer whose answer roared back with equal enthusiasm from their companion company on the main line.

The Chef de Gare consulted briefly with the engine men standing beside the locomotive on the head end of the Gang's train. "And then, M'sieur, if you please, at precisely the sixth hour you will make the movement of this train."

"Of a certainty, M'sieur." That was the program, and the program should suffer fulfilment within one little minute.

The Chef de Gare expressed his gratification by playing a shrill encore on his penny whistle.

Midway of the piece a telephone operator galloped out of Headquarters office. He ran toward the head of the Gang's train, and as he ran, testifying to his haste, he clawed a head-set from his ears and yelled a message loudly enough for all the Gang to hear:

"Hold the deal! You got new orders!"

A sledgehammer of gloom hit every man who heard the cry. The rain became real rain. Hurrying ahead alongside the train to encounter the messenger, the Loot's heart sank. Any orders at this moment would be an unwelcome negative to the program of perfection. Nearing the messenger, "What's the deal?" the Loot yelled.

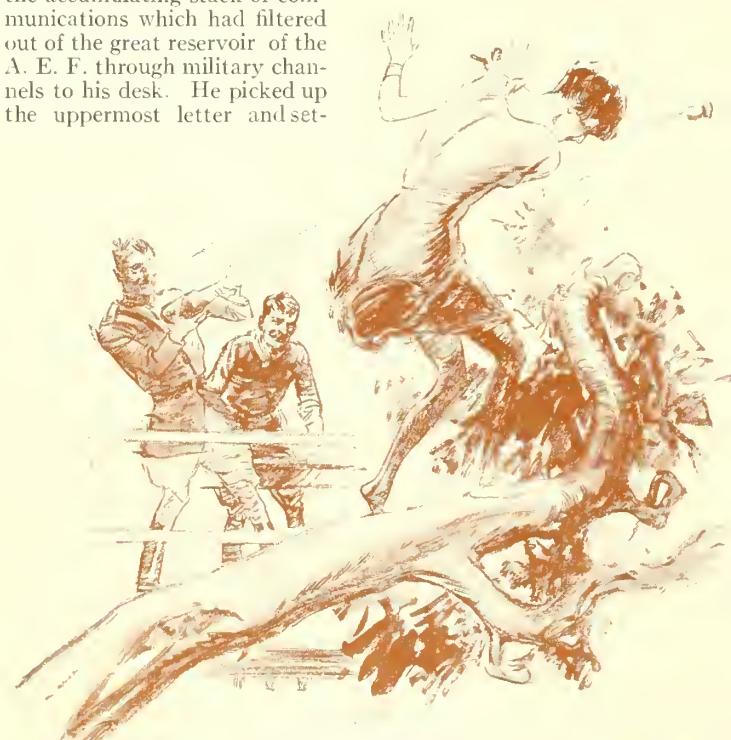
"Base Headquarters says hold the train," the panting switchboard man returned. "Last night's orders is canceled. My pardner is receiving some new dope for your outfit over the phone."

After a moment's quick conversation with the Chef de Gare and the engine man, the Loot retraced his steps toward the telephone office where the operator was just then recording the final paragraph of an order which slammed the Gang and the Regiment back to the prosaic labor of its lately abandoned construction work.

Presently, three hells deeper than the lowest level of human despair, the Gang assembled in a company front beside its old quarters.

The Loot estimated his problem and spoke with brevity: "All-night passes will be issued for those who want them. Blow back here sometime—if it is convenient." He turned the company over to the Top and retreated rapidly toward Headquarters hut.

A sackful of official mail had arrived, and Jimmy the Ink was attacking it with a butcher knife. The Loot glanced wistfully at the accumulating stack of communications which had filtered out of the great reservoir of the A. E. F. through military channels to his desk. He picked up the uppermost letter and set-



*In along the sloping branch of the tree danced Little Saccharine, as target practice began*

tling himself as comfortably as possible, glanced at it. From and To, and:

A recent investigation discloses the fact that you have made no use of consignment of garden seeds shipped to you from this office on the 3rd inst. In view of the crucial status of foodstuffs for the A. E. F. you will at once explain what disposition was made of seed peas and beans sent to you, and if culpable negligence is indicated, appropriate action of utmost severity will be taken.

The Loot recalled the savory soup which had been created out of the garden seeds. He dropped the letter into the wastebasket beside the desk.

"Never mind the mail," he said to Jimmy the Ink. "Let it ride for a while. Please get on the telephone and get me the Chapeau Rouge." While the call was being put through the Loot reached for his pocketbook and opened it. He audited the stack of banknotes and gazed deeply into the future.

"Here's the boss of the restaurant," Jimmy the Ink announced, handing the telephone to the Loot.

"I will be in for dinner tonight after the show is over at the Apollo Theatre," the Loot informed the proprietor of the Chapeau Rouge.

The establishment would be honored. "Accompanied by guests of what number?"

"Ten, perhaps twenty—how many ladies are in the chorus of the Apollo?"

"I should estimate that there are perhaps forty in the ensemble."

"Fair enough. Half of 'em will have idle hours to while away. My dear old devil, you would better prepare for, let us say, a party of thirty."

"A thrice admirable arrangement. Give no thought to the details."

Forgetting the details, the lieutenant hung up. "If Chuck is lurking around with the Dodge, tell him I would like to go to Bordeaux," he said to Jimmy the Ink. "You can lock up the records and ride down with me if you care to start your own holiday. And listen, Jimmy, something tells me that I'm to be Queen of the May, so if I don't show up here by Tuesday, maybe you and Slim and Jugger and some more of the old timers better hop into Bordeaux and accumulate the quivering remains."

"Loot, you ain't runnin' wild again, are you, after bein' tame for nearly a year?"

"Boy, what you don't know is largely due to your ignorance. See if you can find Chuck and that rubber-tired Dodge hack."

In spite of Sabbath calm, when the Loot reached Bordeaux that city was neither calm nor peaceful. Through its streets, seeking diversion, prowled thousands of soldiers enjoying Sunday passes.

Arriving at the Restaurant Gruber, the Loot bought three cheering drinks for himself, his passenger, and Chuck, after which he endowed the latter with whatever liberty adroit members of the Gang might enjoy in the local environment. "Park the Dodge around the corner and run wild as long as you crave to," he said to Chuck. "I'll drive it back to camp tomorrow or the day after or maybe later than that."

Alone now at the marble-topped table in the alcove to the right of the entrance to the establishment, the Loot contemplated the day that had passed. His reverie was interrupted by a quiet interrogation from his waiter, a veteran of Verdun. "The hand of fate has then, perhaps, dealt you a blow of some severity?"

"It has—but I had no idea that the advertising was so lurid. You will pardon me, Alexander, for wearing my personal troubles inside out." The Loot looked at the spot where part of Alexander's jaw had been shot away, and at the veteran's left eye, which was blind, and was ashamed of himself.

"The day will brighten. In distress the present hour is forever darkest . . . an encore of the aperitif?"

"No more, thank you. I'm going out for a walk in the sunlight."

After ten minutes in the open air, warmed by the rare sunlight which flooded Bordeaux, the Loot realized that, more than anything else, he needed a sympathetic listener. He scanned the assemblage seated at the little round tables fronting the Café Bordeaux, hoping that he might discover in the throng some congenial acquaintance. He was about to turn away, disappointed, when an American officer addressed him. "Lieutenant, won't you join me?" The speaker, seated alone at a table, got to his feet and held out his hand. "I'm Jim Rocca, the dago date grower from Indio, California. Quartermaster. Merely a quartermaster—a little stranger pining for his southern home in dear old Indio."

After the fourth cocktail, "Wonder what makes the ice

"Holy old goldfish!"  
said the captain. "Orate  
some diplomatic language  
and get 'em over here!"



so hot in this damn place?" the quartermaster captain complained.

"Come with me," the Loot invited. "They have the coolest ice in the world at Gruber's. My old friend Alexander will shake up an arctic expedition that will freeze your eskimos as they never been froze before. After that you will have lunch with me?"

"With bokoo gusto. Lead on—I'm only a visiting fireman around here."

Leaving the scene, Captain Rocca overlooked a low step and demolished four tables and the Sabbath calm in his transit of the sidewalk.

The Loot assisted his companion to his feet. "Steady, you old Rock of Gibraltar. Remember the special confidence paragraph in your commission."

"Trivial. A mere trophy. I mean a mere truffle. Trifle. Hogs root truffles up with their noses."

"Come on, Avalanche. The ice fields you craved lie north by east."

"Sailor?"

"Engineer."

"Same thing. I thought them two castles was forecastles. I'm a rare wit, and damn me for a gila monster but I'm glad I met you! I got troubles I got to tell you."

The Loot remembered something about his own troubles. "So've I. We'll put in the afternoon telling troubles."

"Get 'em all told, then go lookin' for some more. What's your trouble?"

"Heroism. I love my native land."

"So do I—but my trouble is, I love too many of its lady citizens. That's one of my troubles. That's the reason I came over here. Right now my main trouble is finance."

"Don't worry, boy." The Loot reached for his hip pocket. "I

got me two or three thousand francs and the admiring friendship of Lloyds' cashier."

"You got three thousand francs, have you?" Captain Rocca, the human avalanche, stopped and began to giggle quietly to himself.

"What's the big idea? Come on along to Gruber's." The Loot frowned as his companion continued giggling.

The parade halted in front of Gruber's restaurant. "Listen, Avalanche, before we go another step farther—and I don't mean an orphan's parent—"

"I know. Soft A as in salmon."

"What did you bring that fish subject up for?"

"Go ahead and say what you were going to say."

"I wasn't going to say anything. I was going to ask something."

"Well, ask it. I'm listen."

"All I wanted to ask was, do all your folks have these laughing fits?"

"You know what I was laughing at? Forgive me, Loot, for laughing. I couldn't help it. Three thousand francs is a lot of money—but how much is twenty million dollars in francs? You're an engineer. You ought to be able to figure that out."

"Hundred million francs."

"More'n that. Loot, I guess it was rotten bad manners to giggle, but we got a hundred million francs of my money to buy lunch with if we need it. I'm a lousy millionaire. Made it in California. If we run short after we spend my twenty million, there's an Army bankroll behind us. All I'm doing on this trip is buyin' lunch for the Army. One-man raid on local food supplies. Olive oil, raisins, hay for horses—"

"T for thirsty,—come on in here. (Continued on page 76)

# DR. DIET, DR. QUIET, *and* DR. MERRYMAN

*By Woodward Boyd*

**I**N THE days when blood-letting was the chief remedy for every ill from falling off a horse to housemaid's knee, a certain writer named Jonathan Swift uttered a well chosen jeer at the medical science of his time (it was sometime in the early Eighteenth century) by saying, quite solemnly, "The greatest doctors in the world are named Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman."

Of course nobody took the man seriously. "What a joker!" they said, and "That terrible Swift will have his fun!" And also, "It's all very well if you have nothing the matter with you in the first place, but with a terrible disease like consumption I guess you'd need more than Diet, Quiet and Merryman."

Medical science has changed since those days, and today the names of Dr. Diet and Dr. Quiet are held in such high esteem that the latter's sign is to be seen many times within the zone of nearly every hospital in the land. And Dr. Diet has his own quarters there as well, his elaborate schedules, his own chemists, his highly trained cooks. But Dr. Merryman? What place has he in such a lugubrious atmosphere as those high, silent buildings where white faced people are carried about on stretchers? Did Swift, who was so wise in his first two prophetic guesses, make a mistake in the third, concerning being merry?

The American Legion Hospital says he did not.

Being called upon to run a hospital, the Legion of Michigan decided that this third element, hitherto missing in most places of the kind, should be introduced. They had been given a building near Battle Creek on the site of old Camp Custer. Dr. Diet should be there, and Dr. Quiet as well—of course since they were going to cure former service men afflicted with tuberculosis—but they were going to give Dr. Merryman a private office in the building, let him look after the general appearance of the place, visit the men in their rooms, and see if perhaps he wasn't in a class with the other two famous physicians as a healer of men.

Out from Battle Creek over the country roads and on over the flat Michigan plains and around the bend and on! The hospital bus carries the men over a road that dips, then curves; far off beyond the sanitarians and health food manufacturing plants the horizon cuts straight and even across the grasses. "And there's the Legion hospital over there," says Dr. Merryman himself, proudly pointing. "This is where the service men of Michigan come to be cured of tuberculosis."

"But where?" Small buildings lying in straight, cozy companionship stood on a rise above a small field. Meadows stretched on all sides. And a long, low wooden structure was vaguely familiar, reminiscent of saxophones and coffee, of men in sailors' uniforms and olive drab. But where was the hospital? There was no sign of that still, hovering suspense, no tall, awe-inspiring frontage of stone hiding inscrutable ailments, barring out the pleasant noises of life. Where was the hospital?

"This is it," said Dr. Merryman, as the bus turned up a drive that might have belonged to a small country club. "Doesn't look much like an ordinary hospital, does it?"

"It looks like—it looks like something that I've seen before—what is it?—oh, yes—a community house during the war."

"That's exactly what it was in 1918," Dr. Merryman explained with satisfaction as the car stood still beside the low rambling house with its wide porches. "Come and see what you think of The American Legion's idea of a hospital." And he threw open the door.

A wide open room in the center reaches upward for two stories and has a balcony all around. On the floor of polished wood, soft runners make a little path about a statue that dominates the middle. Little desks were scattered here and there, tables, comfortable chairs, at which men in bathrobes wrote letters, or sat chatting with each other. Others walked together, talking, opening mail or carrying books and newspapers into a quiet corner. There were silent, inviting nooks where still other men sat reading or looking out over the soothing green plain from the wide windows. It was just a big living room that could have

been turned into a dance hall in half an hour. It was easy to imagine Elsie Janis here singing her songs, doing her tricks for men and boys on the point

of sailing for France. Her impish, delightful face might have peered down from the balcony without being out of place.

Nor would it have seemed incongruous if the strains of a lively orchestra had suddenly danced from the big radio in the corner.

Not a single white-capped, bustling nurse was in sight to roll her eyes and say "Hush!" with mysterious, horrible emphasis. The small, cramped waiting room with its dying rubber plant was missing. No nervous visitors wrung hopeless hands in corners. No girl sat at a telephone barring out everyone who tried to come in. Even the offices were in the background out of sight so that the entering visitor might feel himself stepping into a club. It was as if Dr. Merryman had put up a gigantic sign in radiant letters to say: "This is a place where people come to get well! Be happy! They're all doing it."

It is George A. Dorman who actually carries on the work of Dr. Merryman, though the whole Legion of Michigan is responsible for his being there. Mr. Dorman is

manager of the hospital and Legion welfare official, and he handles all claims for the men, looks after their well-being and that of their families, and has charge of all entertainment. The medical head of the hospital is Dr. R. H. Lambert, who with his efficient staff represents the two learned medical men, Drs. D. and Q., by seeing that every man under his care gets plenty of rest and good food, which, as everyone knows, are the foundation for

the cure of tuberculosis.

Dr. Diet's department is by no means small. From the



*Making a hooked rug—one of Dr. Merryman's clients at The American Legion Hospital near Battle Creek, Michigan*



*There are, of course, plenty of genuine M.D.'s on the staff of the Legion Hospital—here's one giving a World War veteran a shot of iodized oil. Treatment comes first and paperwork afterward*

dining room right off the big living room—a pleasant place full of shining brown tables—to the diet kitchens this business of preparing suitable and nourishing meals is an elaborate and exact science. The daily ration must provide nutriment and sustenance, be appetizing and well-balanced and include special things. The food must all be fresh, the vegetables, when possible, newly picked. The hospital even has a farm to provide them. And The American Legion Auxiliary, together with other women's organizations in the State, has been of no small assistance to Dr. Diet. Down in the basement of the building rows and rows of smoothly polished glass jars are full of canned pears, peaches, cherries and other fruits that have been put up by the housewives of Michigan. So when the words "home cooking" are applied to the meals there they are often literally true, because the fruits, salads, relishes, and some of the canned vegetables have been actually prepared inside the homes. Besides the Auxiliary, women's clubs, the Eastern Star chapters, the Masonic order, Knights of Columbus, the Elks, Children's Clubs of the Republic, and American Legion posts have sent in many valuable contributions. Fruits, glasses of jelly, cookies, cakes, crates of eggs, grapefruit, apples, whipping cream, peanut butter, candy, nuts, cigarettes, cigars, individual Christmas presents, holly wreaths, books, magazines, Victrola records, furniture, beds, games, pajamas, afghans, bathrobes, sweaters, slippers, socks, bath towels, pillow cases, sheets, wash cloths, flowers and plants—even a buck deer; these are a few of the things that have been sent in by the people of Michigan to help the Legion carry on the work.

Some of these contributions, it will be seen, went into Dr. Merryman's department—but that department permeates the entire hospital, giving a warm sense of creature comfort. Good cheer and good living make a man well.

In the kitchens doughty cooks from the A. E. F. wear white caps and aprons now while they bake bread and cake, clean spinach, make delicious salads and think nothing of turning out banana fritters, meringues or Hungarian goulash. It has been the purpose of the management of the hospital to employ only ex-service men and women as far as practicable. This idea has been carried out to a great extent and about sixty percent of the employees have seen military service.

The province of Dr. Quiet is not so obvious as that of the other two. This great medical man stays in the background, and puts up no obtrusive signs warning visitors of his existence. Yet his silent influence spreads like a great mesh, invisible yet bringing with it repose and health. Each day there are rest periods for all men, while some of the patients are in bed for twenty-four hours of the day. The bedrooms are like bedrooms in a hotel, with running water, attractive furniture, and plenty of light and air. Some of the boys live in outlying bungalows—three to a house.

By the great fireplace in the living room a man is lounging despondently. "Shoot a game of pool?" offers another from the nearby table, but the gloomy one shakes his head. Dr. Merryman is plainly needed here. Mr. Dorman walks over and places his hand on the shoulder.

"It's going through all right. I wrote to Washington yesterday."

The sick man looks up, suddenly smiling.

"You sure?" he asks eagerly.

"It's practically certain," Mr. Dorman assures him cheerfully. And he knows it is certain, too. The young man sighs—not so young any more now, perhaps, but the boyish curve still lingers in his cheek. He walks across the room to the pool table and says to his friend, "I'll shoot you a game if you want."

Such is only one facet of the work of Dr. Merryman. Fully as important, the Legion thinks, as that of Drs. Quiet and Diet. Mr. Dorman goes about from room to room assuring men that their families are being taken care of, that the Government is getting ready to award them money due, that their girls have not, after all, gone back on them, and other things which aid as vitally in the recovery of health as the more directly curative elements.

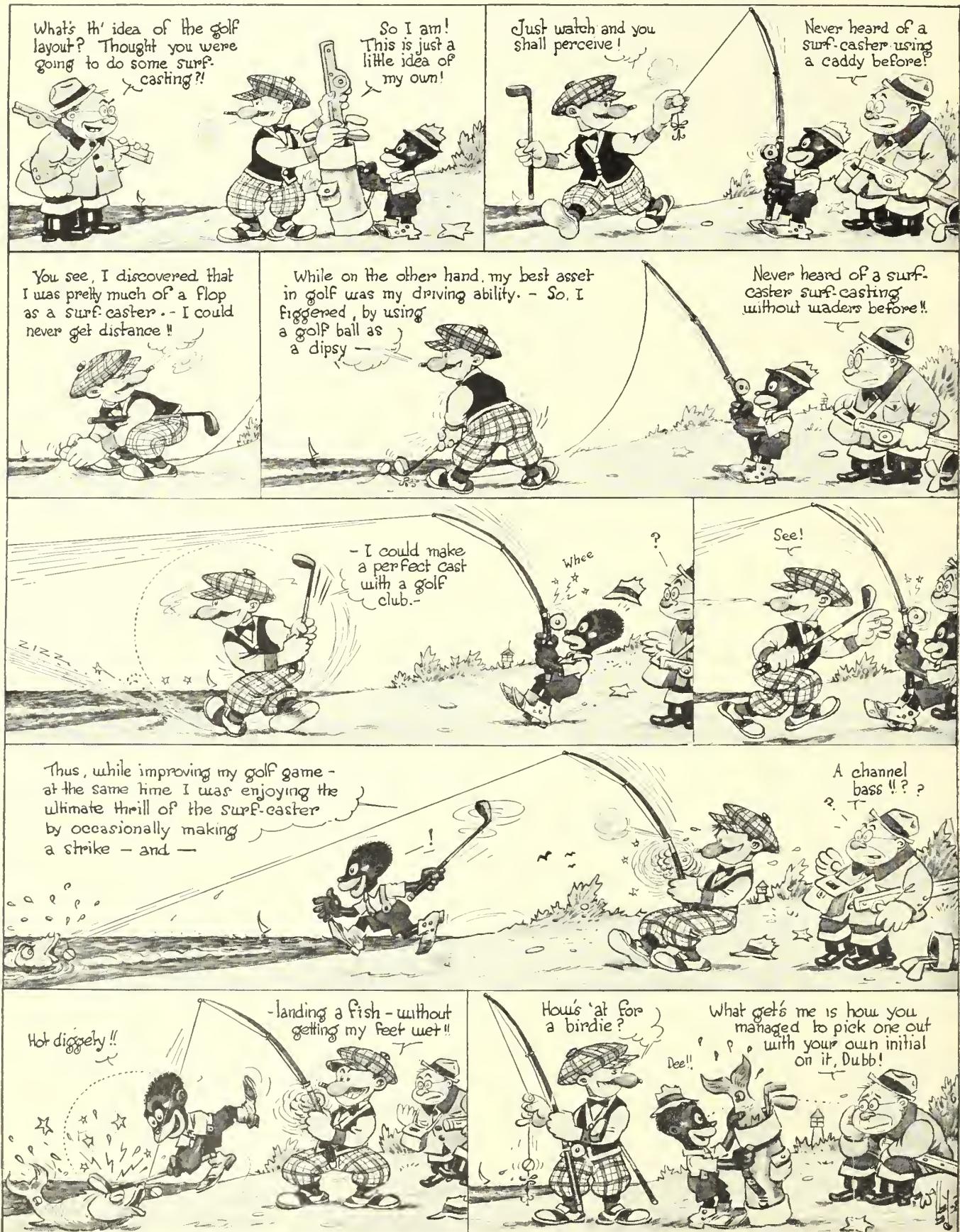
But the whole Legion of the State is back of Dr. Merryman. Each post takes on the responsibility of furnishing entertainment at the hospital for one week out of each year, so that amusing things are always being planned. Movies, programs, parties, automobile rides are constantly being offered to men able to accept so that they may get out and away for a time from the same scene.

But while the hospital's ideal has been to do away with all the outward aspects of such places the equipment and treatment has remained the same. There are great x-ray (Continued on page 60)

# THE SURF-CASTING GOLF DUB

*Another Good Sport Gone Wrong*

By Wallgren



# A PERSONAL VIEW

by  
Frederick Palmer

WE DO NOT know it at the time. The truth comes out later in investigations of Teapot Dome scandals and huge sums spent to influence elections. **The Brand of Shame** Shall we one day have exposures of the same kind of this year's campaign? Stark is the warning to all candidates and bribers in men publicly damned and branded with shame. It is said that this is implanting a fear that is now resisting the boodle temptation. Decency for principle's and patriotism's sake is better; but, at least, fear is something gained for decency.

WE HAVE Boyd, Nason, Thomason, Stallings, Wiley and many others of recent fame. They and the regulars, like **It Will Be a Great Story** Peter B. Kyne, may all come in. It is a great contest; the greatest of subjects for story writing. I like to think that the best the old hands can do will yield places in the minds of the judges of the Monthly's war novel contest, to some beginner who will give us something wrought vividly out of his war experience, a story that marches as real as life and carries all the suspense from first page to last of going over the top. It will be real to those who served, and to those who waited at home for those who served, real man, real woman and real home and camp stuff; for that is the kind of guaranteed realism the public should have.

How do THE Presidential candidates stand on naval defense? For Coolidge or against him? Nothing of the **This Is Today** militarist about that son of frugal Vermont, paring the budget, no braggart's chip ever on his shoulder. As President, in a position to know our naval needs, his programme is cut in two. We are to take second place. Is that as you wish it? Will it still be your opinion if another world crisis sounds the call, "Quick, you gobs, snap into it?"

HOW WE NEEDED the Navy eleven years ago! Then the German U-boats were sinking twice as many ships as the world was building. It looked as **This Was Another Day** if the U would win the war for the Kaiser; as if our forming Army in the training camps would never be able to get across. But ten years ago this month the gobs had the path clear for the rush of our troops to save the day on land from the disaster of the Marne offensive of May 27th, '18, which led a million people to evacuate Paris. This the Navy did by the skin of its teeth and the narrowest margin in '17-'18, when no man had dreamed in 1913 we would have to face such a crisis.

THE FUNDS FROM legislatures and cities and the Rockefellers and other private donors have made it a fact. In **For All for All Time** the Smoky Mountains of romance, where North Carolina and Tennessee join, famed ground in Indian fighting-pioneer days, is to be a national park like the Yellowstone. Its soil is fit mother of hardwoods. There they will flourish forever, shady retreats for holidays. This much gained for America of the future.

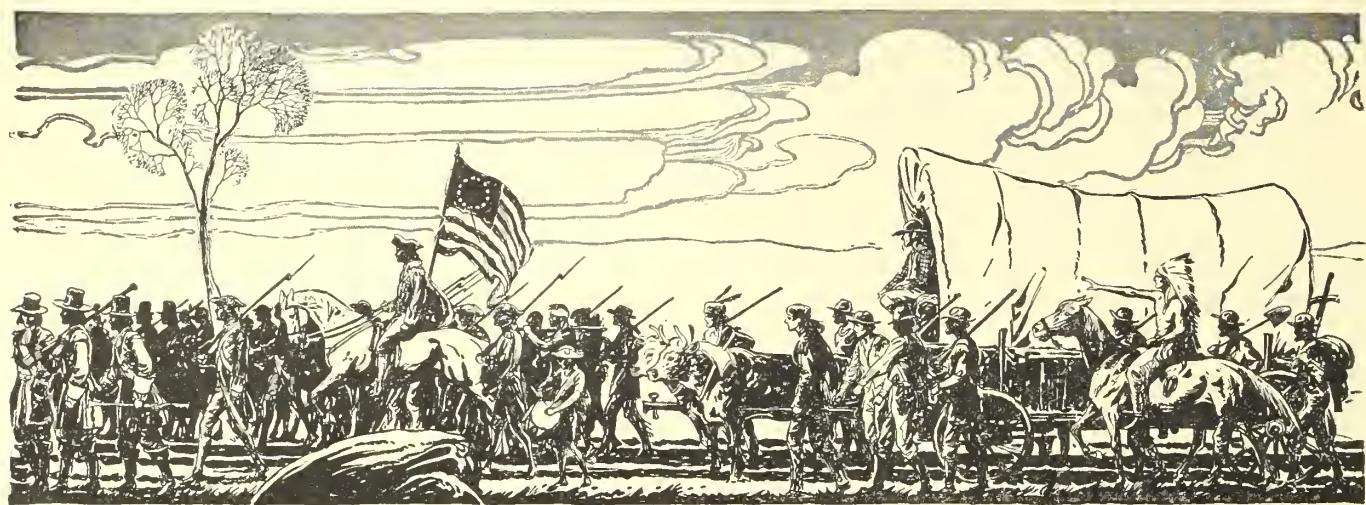
HE REMEMBERED the local law older than the Volstead Act and still on the books. Superintendent O'Shea of the **Wet or Dry, This Is Right** New York City Public Schools has sent out word to enforce the teaching of "the effects of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics on the human system." Vile and poisonous bootleg whiskey is abroad. Let the young know what it means to put it in their stomachs. Wets cannot deny, and Drys should not forget, the value of temperance education.

ANOTHER GREAT ALLIED commander, close following Haig, has gone. Marshal Diaz took command of the Italian **Rich, But Not In Money** Army in a bad hour. He galvanized it with fresh spirit, led it to victory. And he lived on his army pay, died almost penniless. But he was rich in treasure that will outlast the fortunes of many multimillionaires, his name remembered long after theirs are forgotten.

THERE HAVE BEEN two Presidential campaigns since the Legion was formed. During the first the Legion was very young; during the second it was getting into swing. Now it has become mature, established, its responsibilities heavier, more clearly defined. It is more in the limelight, its influence more sought. More of its members are in office, or holding office; more of them are leaders in their communities.

So it is time to realize for the Legion's sake that this coming Presidential campaign, which promises to be very hot, requires very close watching. Otherwise, we shall see more and more notices like the one which has just been called to my attention, creeping into the newspapers and sapping Legion foundations.

This notice tells how one of the candidates for the Presidential nomination of his party is strong with the Legion in a certain State. Admittedly, he is a respected public servant; he ought to make a good President. I am not suggesting that this boosting of him as a vote getter by one of his enthusiastic (Continued on page 67)



# KEEPING

## Play Ball!

**GOOD-BYE** Bobby Jones and Douglas Fairbanks! The American boy is giving up the golf course and the motion picture show for the baseball diamond. It is May again and the old mud diamonds have been dried by April suns and new diamonds are being laid out in suburban fields. Everywhere the grass is green and neighborhood gangs are choosing up sides and returning to the sport which is boyhood's best pathway to sturdy youth. One hundred thousand American boys are getting ready to play in The American Legion's country-wide baseball games leading up to the Legion's Junior World's Series in which one team of fourteen players will win the title of the best boys' team in the United States. That is a title that is worth winning.

Every American Legion post in the country has been given the chance to let a boys' team in its own town win that title. The team that does win it will receive not only all the honors

The American Legion can bestow—it will also be given the alluring privilege of attending the big World's Series of the National and American Leagues. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, High Commissioner of Baseball; John A. Heydler, President of the National League, and E. S. Barnard, President of the American League, who are helping the Legion carry out its junior baseball program the country over, have promised to entertain the national championship boys' team at every game of the big World's Series.

But the greatest honor that will go with the title will be the privilege of the winning team to stand before the American people as witnesses that baseball is a part of our educational system, strengthening all of our best national characteristics.

## Teams and Tournaments

**T**HE Legion post which has not yet called "Play Ball" to the boys of its town ought to do so right away. The junior baseball program is one of the biggest activities of the Legion this year, and the post that hasn't climbed aboard will spend an unhappy summer and an unhappier autumn. The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion has made it easy for every post to do its share in the program. It has gotten up a Junior Baseball Handbook containing the official rules for the 1928 competitions and telling just what steps a

post should take to organize teams and conduct games. Every post that hasn't received a copy of the handbook ought to send for it. Write to Dan Sowers, Director of The National Americanism Commission, National Headquarters of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana. The booklet tells everything.

It is expected that each town will have at least one league of from four to eight teams, although the number of teams may be smaller or larger. Championship teams of each town will take part in district or department championship games. States lying west of the Mississippi have been grouped into six regions, in each of which a series of regional games will be held to determine the teams which will play in the series for the Western Section championship. Likewise the Eastern States will play in regional and sectional series. The winners of the

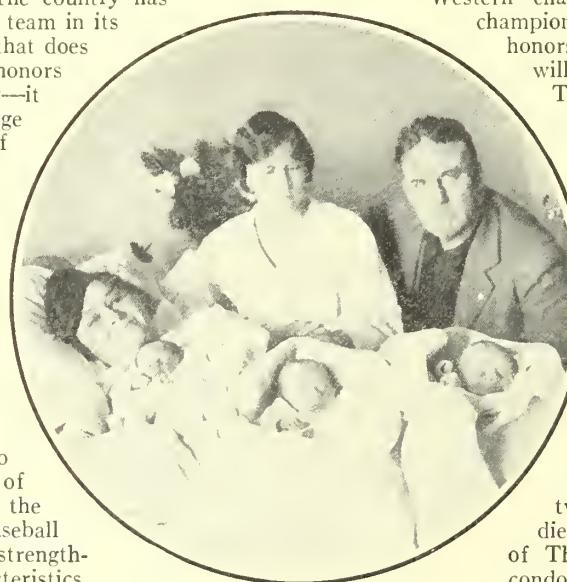
Western championship and the Eastern Section championship will compete for the championship honors in the Junior World's Series, which will be played early in September.

The National and American Leagues have placed at the disposal of the National Americanism Commission \$50,000 to be used for traveling expenses of teams in the regional, sectional and national tournaments.

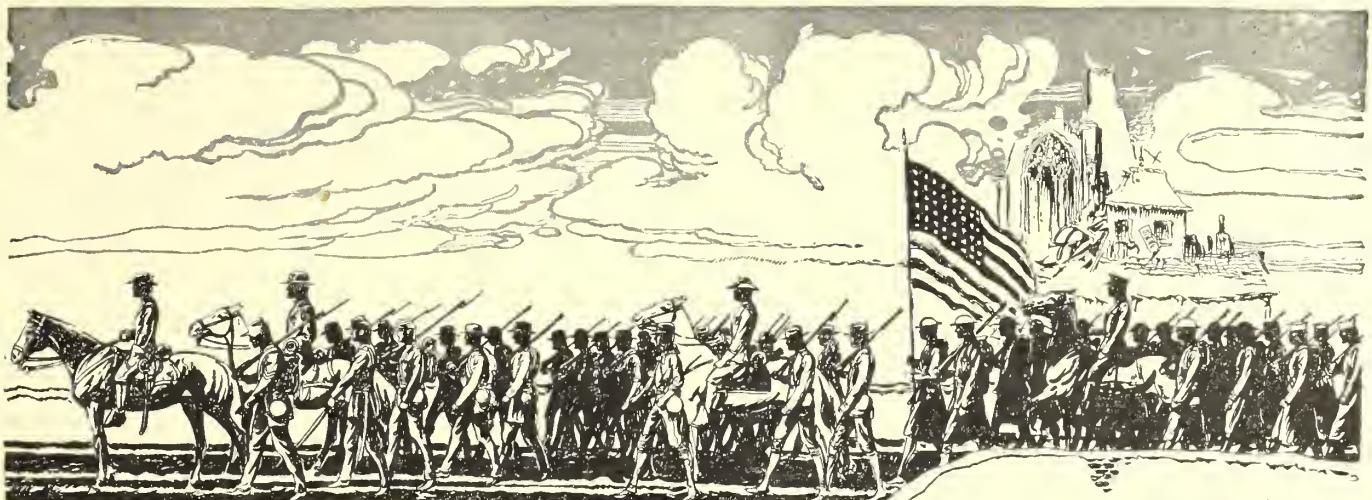
## In America's Name

**T**HE shadow of the World War that vanished ten years ago returned to London and Rome when all England mourned the death of Field Marshal Earl Haig and the whole of Italy grieved for Marshal Armando Diaz. While two nations were sorrowing for the first two great commanders of battle days to die, in both London and Rome the hand of The American Legion was extended in condolence and in both cities Legionnaires held honored places during funeral processions and memorial services. On behalf of the American people, The American Legion rendered last honors to Field Marshal Haig and Marshal Diaz.

In the name of National Commander Edward E. Spafford of The American Legion, London Post paid a final tribute to Field Marshal Earl Haig by sending a wreath of poppies which was laid at the foot of the Cenotaph in Whitehall and by marching in the funeral procession and attending the funeral ceremonies in Westminster Abbey. The American Legion was the only American organization represented in the funeral procession and the ceremony.



Triplets—two boys and a girl—1928 recruits in the home of Post Commander Harry Haigh of Durant, Oklahoma. Mrs. Haigh was an army nurse



# STEP

Rome Post of The American Legion was accorded an unusual honor during the impressive funeral of Marshal Diaz. With the American flag and the post's standard, it preceded scores of Italian societies in the procession from the tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier to the Church of Santa Maria Degli Angeli. The whole Legion recalled that Marshal Diaz had been an honor guest at the national convention of The American Legion at Kansas City in 1921.

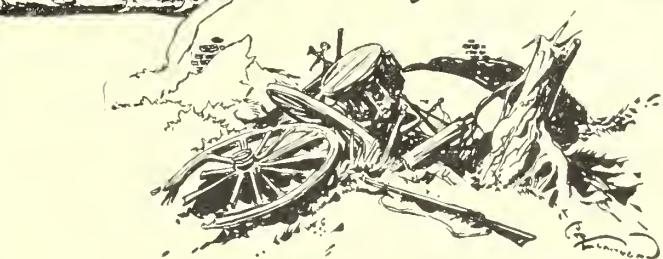
## "Greatest Party Ever"

NATIONAL Commander Edward E. Spafford has attended scores of Legion dinners and luncheons since he began making his tours of the departments, but when he reached Boston in February he attended a dinner which was so big that it startled him. Seated with him were 2,500 Legionnaires of the Massachusetts Department. It was the Annual Get-Together Banquet of the Bay State Legion, and Department Commander John W. Reth recalled the fact that those present represented more than the total enrollment of two or three other departments. And National Commander Spafford later said "It will go down in history as the greatest party which has ever been put on in The American Legion."

One other event in Boston in February testified to the prestige of the Massachusetts Department as it forges on in a year expected to end with the largest enrollment in its history. On the steps of the Statehouse stood a large poster panel bearing the American Legion poster displayed in 16,000 other cities and towns of the country. It was revealed to a large gathering during ceremonies attended by Governor Fuller, National Commander Spafford and delegations from many Boston Legion posts.

## Issued in Triplicate

FATHER Time, the world's personnel officer, keeps a lot of records. For the last ten years he has been particularly busy putting on his scroll of "added to strength" the names of a million or so little sons and daughters of Legionnaires. Not long ago he looked toward the home of Commander Harry Haigh of Green-Bryant Post in Durant, Oklahoma, and got ready to write a new name. When the report from the Haigh home began coming in, Father Time



was puzzled. But he got it straight finally. There were three names instead of one. Triplets had arrived at the home of Post Commander Haigh—two boys and a girl.

Green-Bryant Post enjoyed a sensation. It was proud of the triplets. It was particularly proud because both father and mother are Legionnaires. Mrs. Haigh had been a nurse during the World War. She met Lieutenant Haigh at the hospital at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, after the Armistice, while he was convalescing from wounds received while serving with the Thirteenth Engineers in the Meuse-Argonne. They were married in 1921 and began operating a river valley farm near the Oklahoma town. The triplets were greeted by a five-year-old brother, Harry Haigh, Jr.

Now there are plenty of twins in Legion families. For example, Ann and Jane Engles, four-year-old daughters of Captain Reyburn Engles, Fort Hancock, New Jersey. Daddy Engles says they are regular boys and to prove it sends a photograph of them reporting for Legion junior baseball.

## A Benefactor Passes

ON February 25th when Legionnaires throughout the United States were reading their copies of the March issue of The American Legion Monthly which had just been delivered to them by mail carriers, Mrs. Lily Busch died in Pasadena, California, at her mansion home overlooking the world-famous Busch Gardens. Mrs. Busch was 83 years old and she had been ill for several months. It chanced that her death occurred on the day when many thousands of Legionnaires, reading their fresh copies of the Monthly, were learning of the great help she had given the disabled service men of California and of the whole country. In the March issue of the Monthly appeared an article, "A Paradise

That Pays," by Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr., which described the marvels of the Busch Gardens which provided revenue that had enabled Pasadena Post of The American Legion to spend \$133,000 for the relief of disabled service men and their families.

Pasadena Post, which had often expressed its gratitude to Mrs. Busch while she lived, felt a personal sorrow at her death.



Ann and Jean Engles, four-year-old twins, report for Legion junior baseball practice to their daddy, Reyburn Engles, at Fort Hancock, New Jersey

# KEEPING STEP

It joined with all Pasadena in honoring the memory of the motherly woman whose life had been shadowed by the deaths of eight of her sons.

When the body of Mrs. Busch arrived in St. Louis for burial, another Legion post accorded additional tributes. While Mrs. Busch's body lay in state in the Busch family home in St. Louis, the American flag and the standard of Quentin Roosevelt Post were at the head of her coffin, and as the coffin was born to a mausoleum, where her husband's body rested and near the graves of her sons, a color guard and escort from Quentin Roosevelt Post preceded it. A bugler sounded taps. These ceremonies were arranged by Post Commander Frank H. Fletcher and Legionnaire Moor N. Falls, commanding officer at Jefferson Barracks, in remembrance of Mrs. Busch's wishes.

Among the many flowers which accompanied the body from California and those which were offered at St. Louis were tributes from American Legion posts and Legionnaires. Amid all the magnificent floral pieces, however, one small spray was given the place of honor. It bore a card inscribed: "From Children of the Neighborhood." It had been bought by a committee of school children with pennies contributed by boys and girls to whom Mrs. Busch each year had given the use of Busch Place for their annual egg hunt of Easter Day.

## Florida's Way

WAS the annual charity ball given by the St. Petersburg (Florida) Legion post and its Auxiliary unit this year for the benefit of their hospital for crippled children a success? Was it! Let Alice H. Warner, Secretary of the Florida Department of The American Legion Auxiliary, tell about it. She writes:

"The charity ball was the most spectacular and beautiful event ever held in South Florida, or for that matter, I expect, in the State. Five thousand people attended and it was necessary to call out the police to keep the crowd back from the front of the hotel.

"The Vinoy Park Hotel, the scene of the ball, was crammed. The beautiful ballroom was decorated in the Legion colors of blue and gold, with a large twelve-foot electric sign in dark blue with gold letters on the stage. Promptly at ten o'clock every light in the ballroom was turned out and the magic word 'Charity' was emblazoned over the crowd. Then the Legion emblem was illuminated just below it. The effect was most wonderful.

"The boxes, more than fifty of them, were painted in gold with the Legion emblem emblazoned on them. The uprights between the boxes were decorated with streamers of gladioli, sweet peas and pink tulle. When the dancing began, the Spanish shawls which had served as wraps for the women were thrown over the box rails, adding to the decorations.

"The best part of all this is that nearly \$3,000 was turned over to the Florida Society for Crippled Children from the proceeds of the ball. At present there are forty-seven boxes reserved for next year's ball and the question now is where can we find a place large enough to accommodate the thousands who will want to come."

The American Legion Hospital for Crippled Children at St. Petersburg, sponsored by St. Petersburg Post with the aid of

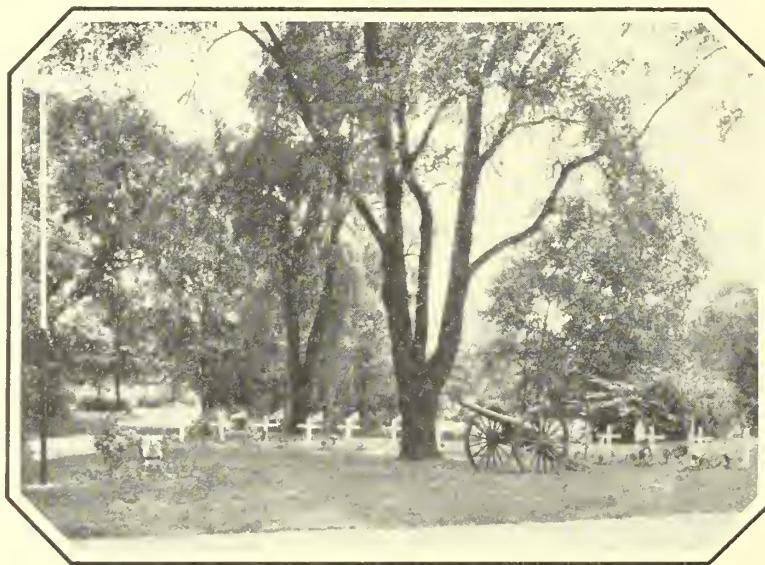
other posts and Auxiliary units in Florida, is now in its second year. During the first year it cared for forty-seven crippled children and discharged twenty of them as cured of their afflictions or as having received all the benefits that modern surgery affords.

## Top of the World

EVERY year hundreds of Legionnaires visit the little community of Grand Canyon, Arizona, on the rim of the mile-deep chasm which is America's most impressive scenic wonder. They see evidences of the activities of John Ivens Post which makes the community its home. Mrs. Beatrice S. Gilliland, Past President of the post's Auxiliary unit, serves notice that the post is going to have its own clubhouse one of these days

and it is going to get the money to build it in a way quite different from the money-raising activities of less-isolated posts.

"One feature of our clubhouse campaign is the sale of photographs of the Grand Canyon," Mrs. Gilliland says. "Here at Grand Canyon we meet the great and the near great. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, rich and poor, every nationality in the world, people of every trade and profession. Among the guests of our post and Auxiliary unit last year were Vice President and Legionnaire Charles G. Dawes and Mrs. Dawes. Before and after the Legion's national convention in San Francisco in 1923 hundreds of Legionnaires from all parts of the country, bound to and



*This cemetery plot of Bird-McGinnis Post at Marion, Ohio, in sight of President Harding's tomb, is a Legion pilgrimage center on each Memorial Day. Each year the number of white crosses is larger when flowers are placed upon the graves*

from the convention, stayed with us a while. We expect to entertain just as many in October when the Legionnaires of the Pacific coast are going to and returning from the national convention in San Antonio.

"This post hasn't much of a membership problem. Our community is so small that everybody knows everybody else. If a new man comes to town he is almost certain to become a member of the post if he was in service during the World War, and the Auxiliary unit sees that any women in his family eligible to membership in the Auxiliary are welcomed and invited to join our unit.

"Posts in Iowa and Pennsylvania may have unusual problems occasionally but we have some that we take as a matter of course. Consider, for example, how our community lives. It is wholly dependent on the railroad for supplies. Even the water must be brought 125 miles by the trainload for the permanent population and the tourists. Our railroad is a branch line which runs off the main line of the Santa Fe and our town is the end of the line. We feel we are literally on top of the world."

## The Annual A. E. F.

EMULATING the Second A. E. F., another informal A. E. F. is packing its baggage for a trip to France and Europe in the summer of 1928. It is composed largely of those who couldn't make up their minds in 1927 and, while it doesn't expect to be entertained officially, cheered and banqueted, it is counting on going everywhere and seeing everything after the fashion set by last autumn's pilgrims.

# KEEPING STEP

From Dorchester, Massachusetts, Frank P. Dannahy of Kane Post sends the story of a 2,500-mile motor trip through five countries made by eight Massachusetts Legionnaires in two renovated Fords, a camionette named Henry and a touring car called Elizabeth.

The eight Massachusetts tourists bought two reconditioned 1926 Fords from the official Ford agency just outside Paris. One was the camionette, built like a beach wagon; the other was a familiar touring car. Throughout the trip tops of both cars were kept down. The camionette cost \$400; the touring car \$360. H. O. Silsbee of Lynn, Massachusetts, drew the job of driving Henry, while Dr. C. L. M. Judkins of Swampscott, Massachusetts, became mahout for Elizabeth. Both got fixed up with drivers' licenses after presenting their Massachusetts licenses. The cars were registered in Paris and a bond of \$100 was posted for each car to insure its return to Paris. Memberships were taken out in the Touring Club of France and trip tickets and trip books were obtained at a cost of \$14 for each car, these credentials permitting passage without further expense through France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany.

The party proceeded to Italy by way of Grenoble, the French Alps, Nice and the Riviera. It visited Genoa, Florence, Pisa and other Italian cities. Rather than attempt the passage of the Alps from Italy into Switzerland, brakes having gone bad during the earlier mountain driving, the party let the American Express Company ship Henry and Elizabeth as freight to Schaffhausen on the Swiss-German border. The express charge was

\$75, with delivery guaranteed. After traveling by train leisurely through Switzerland, the tourists regained their automobiles and descended from Switzerland into the Black Forest of Germany. Then came the Rhine country and the old battlefronts.

Three weeks after starting the party arrived back in Paris. Elizabeth had gone through the trip without repairs to her engine. Henry had picked up a few new pistons and bearings at Brescia in Italy. Both cars had had troubles with brakes and tires. Total cost of all parts and mechanical repairs had been \$125 and \$50 had been spent for tires and tubes.

The expedition's historian, Legionnaire W. W. Toomey, reports the Ford agency in Paris took the cars back, refunding sixty percent of the purchase price and the amount spent for repairs.

## Including the Scandinavian

LEGIONNAIRE J. Edward Radley of Peoria, Illinois, enters the most-traveled-individual-of-the-Second-A. E. F. contest by submitting a list of twenty countries he visited after the Paris convention.

"My Legion certificate looks like a Chinese puzzle," he comments. "I demanded the stamp of every official on the border customs house of every country and I have blue, green and red stamps in sixteen different languages, including the Gaelic of the Irish Free State. I was probably the first Legionnaire to carry a Legion passport into Germany and Scandinavia. I spent hours convincing officials in out-of-the-way places that my passport was bona fide. It was confiscated by Danish authorities between Warnemunde and Copenhagen. Denmark may be

a small country but it has big soldiers with regular rifles, bayonets and everything. I met them."

Dr. Claude Moore of Roanoke, Virginia, throws additional light on some Second A. E. F. passport difficulties. "On going down the Rhine into Germany, I was denied admission into the country at a small town until I had bought and filled out a regular visa," Dr. Moore relates.

"When I reached Berlin I learned from the American Embassy that the German Government hadn't anticipated many Legionnaires would visit Germany, so it hadn't bothered to send word of our coming to the more isolated stations. I got a refund of the amount I paid for my visa. If anybody else had to pay, he can get a refund also if he'll mail his visa to the United States Embassy in Berlin and explain the circumstances."

William Russell Post of Vernon, New York, claims highest-percentage-of-Second-A. E. F. honors. Its town has 650 persons. The post has twenty members. Nine went to Paris.

## Life Saving

THOUSANDS of boys and girls of Austin, Texas, learned how to avoid the many perils of modern city life which each year exact a toll of childhood deaths and injuries when Travis Post of The American Legion conducted Child Safety Week and distributed to all school children a simply worded and illustrated safety folder.

The safety folder the post distributed contained a pledge of carefulness which all children were asked to sign and return to their school teachers after having it indorsed by their fathers and mothers. Post Ad-

jutant Hardy Hollers will send a copy of the safety folder to any post considering using it as a model in a safety campaign.

The Austin City Council approved a number of recommendations submitted by The American Legion Safety Council during Child Safety Week. The post advocated adequate salaries for police officers, safety patrols on all streets near school buildings, enlargement of the motorcycle force and the impartial enforcement of all traffic laws by police and courts.

The Legion safety campaign in Austin was paralleled by a similar campaign in Knoxville, Tennessee, conducted by Knoxville Post. Posters warning of automobile traffic dangers were placed in prominent places about the city and Legionnaire speakers appeared before the children of the schools. Legion speakers also appeared at luncheons of civic clubs, church meetings and similar gatherings. As one feature of its campaign, Knoxville Post erected a large scoreboard showing the number of deaths caused by automobiles in each month of the preceding year. Space was provided on the board for showing number of deaths occurring in each month of 1928.

## Fighting Chaplain

THERE are conventional personalities and men like Gill Robb Wilson. Destiny apparently wasn't using her standard forms in 1892 when she ushered Gill Robb Wilson into the world on the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania and wrote travel orders for his life. She guided him through a tempestuous boyhood, preserved him through battle perils in youth and brought him, still full-charged with flaming energy, into 1928 as National

# KEEPING STEEP

Chaplain of The American Legion and pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Trenton, New Jersey.

George Washington said: "So long as there is a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian in the hills of Pennsylvania the cause of independence will never be hopeless." Gill Robb Wilson's father is the Reverend Dr. Gill Irwin Wilson. His mother was born Amanda Robb. The Wilsons and the Robbs came to America from Ireland whither they had earlier moved from Scotland. The original Robb holdings in Butler County, Pennsylvania, date back to pre-Revolutionary days.

In 1906 Doctor Wilson and his family moved from Pennsylvania to West Virginia, to the town of Sisterville. In that year oil was drawing to West Virginia adventurers from every part of the continent. Doctor Wilson earned the title of "Fighting Parson." A hard man with his fists and afraid of nothing, they said of him in the saloons and drilling fields. Six feet two and two hundred and twenty pounds, he held his way in pioneering communities. He became Superintendent of Missions in West Virginia and with his wife rode and walked hundreds of miles through hills and valleys. Mrs. Wilson too was an ordained clergyman in the Congregational church, having studied with her husband.

In the hills of West Virginia Gill Robb Wilson had his first experience as a sky pilot. At sixteen his father sent him into the settlements to hold divine services. The logging camps, oil fields and mining towns were hardy training fields. All his vacations until he finished college at Washington and Jefferson were spent in the West Virginia hills. It was taken for granted that the preacher was as ready to fight as to preach. There was a code in the hills and if one lived by it he had multitudes of faithful friends.

Endless miles on horseback, swimming flooded mountain streams, all in the daily life of the boyish Gill Robb Wilson. Then, in 1913, he found himself in the pioneer town of Weirton where great steel mills were going up. There were no churches among the scattered houses. He preached to groups wherever he could get a few people together. They gave him a lot. Protestant and Catholic, Jew and gentile lent him a hand when he built his church. The bricks were carried from station to church lot by casual passers by. Men came to the church after work and helped with saw and hammer, with pick or shovel.

At Weirton young Mr. Wilson made his first solo flight. A great concrete stack had been built at the steel mill. The steeplejacks had left town. Somebody wanted a bird's-eye view

photograph from the top of that stack. Primitive logic suggested that since the young pastor believed in immortality he was the man to go to the top of the stack and take the picture. The gruff citizenry applauded the suggestion. The pastor didn't flinch. Betting was even on his chance of getting up, with odds against a safe descent. Hoisted by cable and pulley, the Reverend Mr. Wilson did get to the top of that stack, took his picture and did get down. Only coming down he lost most of the skin off legs and arms. No experts were running the winch and it was a fast descent, with bumping and scraping against the rough concrete. The congregation showed a big gain that next Sunday.

At Weirton also Chaplain Wilson administered ice cream and hot coffee as an antidote to moonshine liquor, his patients bunking on cots in the church basement after jousting with the local rum demons. The pastor's ice cream bill ran an even race with his income.

In the late winter of 1916-17, Chaplain Wilson's younger brother, Joseph Volney Wilson, left college and sailed for France. Chaplain Wilson, himself in a theological seminary in Pittsburgh, waited only long enough to sell his evening clothes and his shotgun. With a few hundred dollars he left home for New York and France. Surviving pneumonia and a submarine attack on the way over, he found himself quickly in real war—French ambulance service in the Vosges and Verdun sectors, later in the Argonne. In September, 1917, he went to Tours for training in the French air service. His brother

had already completed the training course and was about to leave for the front with the Lafayette Escadrille.

Chaplain Wilson eventually was breveted a pilot, but injuries took from him the free use of one arm and he turned day bombing observer. He had the unique distinction of falling eight or ten thousand feet in a plane out of control and living to fall again. Commissioned in the American Army Air Service, he became an instructor at Clermont-Ferrand for a time, then

went to the 66th Escadrille of Day Bombardment.

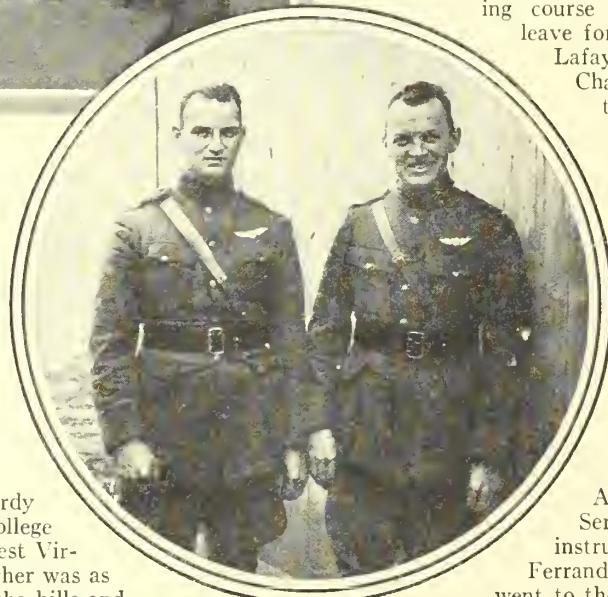
Lieutenant Joseph Volney Wilson was killed on October 23, 1918, while serving with the 163d Day Bombing Squadron of the A. E. F. Chaplain Wilson transferred to his brother's squadron, acting as operations officer until the Armistice.

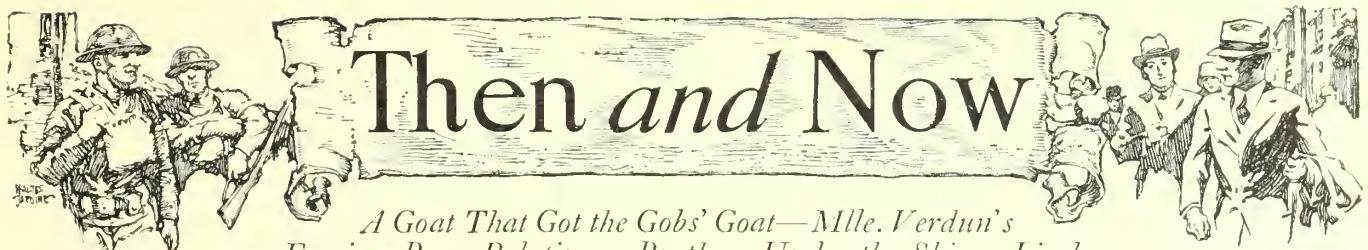
In 1919 Chaplain Wilson returned to his theological seminary to complete the last year of his course. In the next year he became his father's assistant at Parkersburg, West Virginia, a parish his father had taken after his own war service at Camp Meade, Maryland. In 1921, Gill Robb Wilson became pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Trenton, New Jersey. In 1923 he married Miss Margaret Perrine of Cranbury, New Jersey. They have one daughter, Margaret Robb Wilson.

In Trenton each year one citizen (*Continued on page 68*)



National Chaplain Wilson receives from Governor Moore of New Jersey, at a mass meeting, the Trenton Times Civic Cup awarded him for surpassing public service. Below, Chaplain Wilson (right) and his brother, Joseph Volney Wilson, who was killed in France





*A Goat That Got the Gobs' Goat—Mlle. Verdun's  
Foreign-Born Relatives—Brothers Under the Skin—Lively  
Liz, Tin Soldier Veteran—I Was Chaumont Forgotten?—Outfit Notices*

**V**ERDUN'S introduction to the Then and Now Gang in the March Monthly, as the A. E. F.-born mule mascot of Battery E, 15th Field Artillery, has revived interest in the old service mascots. Who doesn't remember the swarm of dogs in almost every camp—canines which were brought along with incoming rookies and, in many instances, left to forage for themselves after their introduction to camp life?

But dogs and mules weren't the only animals recognized as mascots. Goats seemed to be a favorite among the gobs, as witness the present official mascot of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. So we weren't surprised to get the picture which appears on this page from ex-gob H. B. Hubbard of Danville, Virginia, with the following information:

"I thought that possibly some of the men who saw service on the U. S. S. *Montana* just before or during the war might like to see a picture of an old friend of theirs—I refer to the goat, although I am in the picture, too. The goat shipped with us when we were in Cuba prior to the war and he became the mascot of the Second (Deck) Division.

"He made several convoy trips with us after the war started and was a favorite with the boys until he got too familiar with the mess's dessert one day. He ate up the supply of tapioca pudding one noon and Chief Boatswain's Mate 'Fat' Whitmer threatened to heave him overboard, but he was saved from Davy Jones' locker by Boatswain's Mate 'Patty' Bryan. He was finally beached on one of our trips when we put in at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I'm sure that 'Fat,' among many others, will remember this animal."

**A**CCORDING to General Shank's book "As They Passed Through the Port," from which we lifted the story in the March Monthly about Verdun, this animal was considered the most famous of all the hundreds of mascots brought back by returning A. E. F.-ers. The "famous" part was based on the supposition that she was the *only* American mule ever born in France—and we know that General Shank accepted this statement at its face value as we did, although we were open to conviction.

Ralph Elder of Mitchell, Oregon, who was with the 10th Engineers (Forestry) overseas, convinces us in the following words:

"Enclosed find a snapshot of *another* 'first and only' mule born in the A. E. F. [Exhibit A is displayed on page 72.—C. C.]

"Sorry I am unable to furnish the birth certificate but I am willing to vouch for the identity of the critter, as said mule playfully stole and tore up my last and only campaign hat. That catastrophe forced me to get by for the rest of my visit in sunny France with the regulation overseas cap, noted for its dryness in the rain and its coolness in the sun, or else be satisfied with the old tin derby. And so, while I have no fond

memories of this mule, I believe that the said hybrid and Company B, 10th Engineers, should have whatever credit is due.

"Looking through my old address book, I fail to find any of the names of the Company B stable detail, but here is hoping that the story about Miss Verdun in the March Monthly will get a rise from some of them. Anyway, our mule was born in camp not far from Pontenx, Landes (south of Bordeaux), France, early in 1918 or possibly late in 1917."

**I**F REPORTS continue to arrive, we'll soon have a whole squad of mules born in the A. E. F. Legionnaire Glen F. Bailey of Maquoketa, Iowa, promises to send a picture of his entry, on behalf of the 15th U. S. Cavalry—which in addition will be proof that there *was* cavalry in the A. E. F. Then Carl O. Thoren of Port Allegheny, Pennsylvania, questions some of the biographical data about Verdun published in the March

particularly with reference to the place and date of her birth.

Best of all, though, Sergeant Robert F. Fay, Headquarters Battery, 16th Field Artillery, at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, reports that he served a three-year hitch in Verdun's outfit, the 15th Field Artillery, in Camp Travis, Texas, just recently. He says the old girl is still much in evidence. He promises to send us a recent picture of her and also her official history.

The foregoing pictures and data will be broadcast to the Then and Now Gang in an early issue.

**B**EING a much interested reader of Then and Now," announces Henry E. Siebenmark, member of Elyria (Ohio) Post of the Legion, "I feel that it is about time for me to present something that may interest the Gang.

"I quote what appears to be an honest-to-goodness field message which came into my possession in a strange manner away back in the late October days of 1918:

"From—Remorse One  
At—P. C.  
Date—28-10-18 Hour—6:05  
To—Repent One—

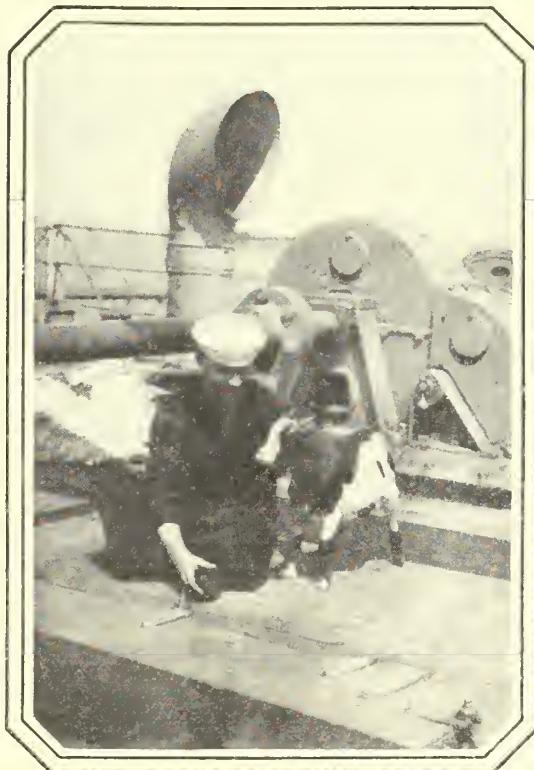
"Inasmuch as Bois de Tuilerie has been designated as assembling place on D day II plus 2 H per F. O. No. 66—instructions have been issued to 4th Inf. to occupy west end of Bois de Tuilerie. This is on account of our present position. Kindly advise by return runner if you intend occupying east half of same woods.

"LT. COL. MEANS,  
"R. L. STEGLER, Lt., 4th Inf., Adj."

"I was a member of Company D, 52d Ammunition Train, C. A. C.,

which was an orphan outfit attached to several heavy artillery regiments for service. Our headquarters at the time were at Julvecourt (southwest of Verdun) and from there our FWD and Quad trucks made trips from the dumps to the batteries

"Across the road from Company D headquarters was an abandoned German shower bath which some of our men reconditioned and as soon as it was working I grabbed a cake of soap and a towel and made for a hot shower. I was the first to use it except for one other American who was already under a shower. Any kind of a bath at that time was a treat, but a



*Mascot of the Second (Deck) Division of the U. S. S. MONTANA, the goat posed above with ex-gob H. B. Hubbard of Danville, Virginia, drew The Kick from service for messing with the crew's mess*

we'll let Legionnaire William J. Belleville of Worcester, Massachusetts, tell the story:

"I am sending you two pictures which tell a real Then and Now story and about which a story may be told. And as long as the famous Model T Fords have now been replaced by the budding Model A's, no charge of free advertising can be placed against the account.

New England National Guard troops, as everyone knows or ought to know, were assembled in the 26th Division during the World War. Among the units of the division were several bearing the number 101—the 101st Infantry, Artillery, Engineers, Signal Corps, Field Hospital, et al. Now to get to our hero, Major Henry H. Wheelock, formerly of the 101st Supply Train. Before the major left for overseas he was presented with a shiny new flivver by his Fitchburg admirers. The flivver went with him, through thick and thin; it was shelled and gassed and all that, but it survived the war, came back with the major and was honorably discharged. Notwithstanding the wounds received in action, its lungs percolate today just as well as they did on the day that it stood for its photograph with the major in Nancy, France. Not a day passes but that 'Lizzie' does her calisthenics for the major who is engaged in the trucking business in Fitchburg.

"For some years now Major Wheelock has been angling for an appropriate license plate for his veteran car and this year he got it—26-101. The 26 to denote his service division—the 101 to denote the unit with which he served.

"As long as she chooses to run,' the major told me, 'I'll choose to let her. She's been a great old car, a wonderful tin soldier, and still is.'

**W**HILE general reports indicate that there were but few towns in France which did not have their quota of members of the Second A. E. F. as visitors when the Legion met in national convention in Paris last fall, seemingly some of the old stamping grounds of the A. E. F. appear to have been slighted. Included in these towns was none other than Chaumont, which loomed large in the workings of the first A. E. F., according to a letter from Legionnaire Claud Vore of Freeport, Illinois, to the Company Clerk:

"I quote from a letter just received from a wartime French friend in Chaumont, France:

"We preserve the dearest memories of those days lived with the Americans and we had hoped very much to see some of our friends with The American Legion last September, but none came. Moreover, not one member of The American Legion came to Chaumont, which has seemed very extraordinary and at this time there is a lively discussion of this subject in the two local newspapers. Your old General Headquarters, so lively, so animated, is now completely deserted except for a handful of French soldiers quartered there and no one is seen any more hurrying about on Avenue des États-Unis. It is very sad by comparison."

"It is not at all strange that some of the tiny hamlets of France which quartered soldiers nine or ten years ago should have been disappointed in not being visited by their old guests, but it is astounding that the General Headquarters of the A. E. F., Chaumont, the heart of the American Army, could so thoroughly have escaped even perfunctory recognition, though inadvertently. I have no doubt that my correspondent's report is not literally correct, for some one of the Second A. E. F. must certainly have had friends residing in that city to visit. Yet to the citizens, the absence of any number of visitors is the conspicuous fact. How about it?"

"Some of you G. H. Q. bucks may (Continued on page 72)

More than ten years ago, Major Henry H. Wheelock, 101st Supply Train, 26th Division, posed with his proudest possession in far-off Nancy, France. Though wounded and gassed, Lizzie is still in active duty daily. Alongside, we see the same two boon companions as they appear today in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Note the appropriate license plate: 26-101



shower bath was a luxury, especially in sectors anywhere near the front lines.

"We both enjoyed the novelty of a hot bath immensely and as the heat and comfort began to soak in, we became quite chummy. My new acquaintance told me that he was in the infantry, was returning from the lines and was being sent back to the States to instruct new troops. Our outfit as yet saw no end to the war and I told him in strong words what a lucky son-of-a-sea-cook he was and so forth. The bathhouse attendant appeared continually behind my fellow bather's back, motioning frantically toward the wall, but somehow I couldn't get his drift.

"As we finished our baths and were again donning our outfits, I saw to my consternation that on the shoulders of the other fellow's blouse reposed the silver eagles of a colonel! Being only a two-striper myself, you can appreciate the situation. I apologized as best I could, explaining that all men look alike under a shower and the colonel took it gracefully enough. I imagine he got quite a kick out of the occurrence!

"And here's where the field message comes in. After the colonel had left I found the message on the floor of the bathhouse. Can't say whether he dropped it or if it was dropped by another. At any rate, it may prove interesting and may bring back memories to Lieutenant Colonel Means and Lieutenant R. L. Stegler, whose names are signed to the message.

"I wonder if the colonel remembers the bathhouse incident?"

**W**HAT'S in an auto license number?—a license tag with any sequence of numerals will carry you just as far. But some folks think otherwise. They'll wait days to get a certain lucky number, or, perhaps, one that isn't so easily read by a pursuing road cop (a mixture of sixes and nines and eights, for instance). There's one Legionnaire, however, who had to wait nine years for the number he wanted and in this year of grace he finally got it. He is pictured on this page.

The number?—26-101. The man?—ex-Major Henry H. Wheelock, now of the board of county commissioners of Worcester County; habitat, Fitchburg, Massachusetts. The reason?—

# World's Greatest Value *for All the Family*



*The Essex 4-Door Sedan*

In the way women by thousands are turning to Essex is a story of the great and dynamic "man's Super-Six" made beautiful for women, roomy and comfortable for all the family.

You sit upon high-back, form-fitting seats upholstered in material that tells its quality to sight and to the touch. The winged radiator figure leads the eye out over a shining rhythm of cowl, hood, polished saddle type lamps and graceful arching fenders to the smoothly flying highroad.

You have before you every control in their most

natural and handy place. And all about you, the paneling, the weather-stripped doors, the silenced body construction, the floor-matting and the hardware in graceful silvery patterns speak quietly and certainly of quality.

In these and such things as the black rubber, steel-core, finger-scalloped steering wheel, carrying light, horn and throttle controls, the worm and tooth disc steering mechanism and the vertical radiator shutters, Essex visibly duplicates costly car practice, as it does also in the hidden things you never see.

4-Door Sedan, \$795; Coupe, \$745 (Rumble Seat \$30 extra); Coach, \$735  
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

**ESSIE SUPER  
SIX**

# Bursts and Duds



## EASILY VERIFIED

"Let me see," mused the hostess, meeting a man she could not immediately identify at a large party. "We've met before, of course?"

"I'm not certain," said the guest, who happened to be a chiropractor. "Would you mind turning your back on me a minute?"

## TOO MUCH

The judge was examining an immigrant applying for naturalization papers.

  
"Do you promise to support the Constitution?" he asked.  
"Me?" gasped Tony Androzotti.  
"Already. Judge, I got a wife an' six children to support."

## WHY PROFESSORS GO MAD

Prof.: "Where is Washington?"  
Frosh.: "He's dead."  
Prof.: "I mean the capital of the United States."  
Frosh.: "Oh they lent it all to Europe."

## FOR EFFICIENCY

"I am the captain of my soul," declaimed a poetic doughboy.

"Well," retorted a prosaic one, "in that case, you ought to be sent to Blois for reassignment."

## AGREED

"Well, it's frightfully dull here in the archives," mused an official communiqué, "but there was a time when I thrilled the multitudes."

"Buddy," replied his fellow inmate, "I don't like to brag about myself, but if there was a better piece of fiction turned out in 1917 than I was I've never seen it."

## BUSTED AGAIN

First Chevron: "Tell me, do you go around with Sergeant Guzzler as steadily as ever?"

Second Chevron: "No, just off and on."

## CHEAP STUFF

Samuel Washington Jones burst into the drug store with blood in his eyes. "Yo' all know dat Ah bought some red dice in heah dis mo'nin?" he demanded.

"Yes," replied the drug clerk. "I remember."

"Well, Ah come in to tell you dat de've'y fust time Ah took dem outa mah pocket dey was faded."

## HER START

"I'd love it if you had a career," stated an ambitious husband.

"All right," his wife replied, and shot him.

## FREE TESTIMONIAL

At the conclusion of the rendition of "Sweet Adeline" at a hobo hangout, Weary Willie inquired sarcastically:

"An' to what, Sir Mortimer, do ya attribute ya *wunnerful* voice?"

"Dat's a cinch," replied Fatigued Freddie. "I smokes nuttin' but Strikem Lucky cigarette butts."

## PLEASURE AND BUSINESS

"How is prohibition enforcement here?" asked a visiting investigator.

"Wal, I dunno," replied the village storekeeper doubtfully. "Constable Parsons says it's mighty hard to arrest a man who gives you a nice sociable drink after the tiresome job of raidin' his place."

## SWEET CHARITY

"Was your charity ball a success?"

"Indeed, yes. Every modiste in town was able to take a trip to Europe, and the receipts enabled us to repaint the fence around the orphanage."

## MOTHER NECESSITY

"Do you think Winifred is really as innocent as she pretends to be?" asked Claire.

"My dear," replied Elaine, who was Winifred's very, very best friend, "if she was, she wouldn't have to pretend that she is."

## FAMILIAR RECEPTION

  
A somewhat confused gentleman, coming home late at night, entered the wrong house, and was at once set upon by a large and infuriated woman. After she had completed the job, she paused to view her handiwork, and gasped:

"Heavens! You're not my husband!"

"Are you sure?" inquired the victim groggily.

## JUST IN TIME

The argument between Harry and Larry was waxing warm.

"Say!" Harry ejaculated. "Do you want me to knock you into the middle of next week?"

"I'd certainly appreciate it," responded Larry gratefully. "I've got a date with your girl for Wednesday night."

## FIFTY-FIFTY

"Where were you last night?" demanded the wife.

"I was home in bed," answered the husband righteously. "Where were you?"

"Why," she stammered, flustered. "I was—er-er—over to Mabel's—and it got so late—that is—well, you win. What are you going to do about it?"

"Ye gods!" he exclaimed. "So you weren't home last night, were you?"

## STOP FOR NOTHING

"My father's mayor," bragged a small boy, "and when he rides in a parade the motor cops go ahead and he doesn't have to pay any attention to any traffic rules."

"That's nothing," sniffed his friend. "My father's a truck driver."

## FREE AIR

Mrs. Nuritch was determined that the world know of her fortunes.

  
"Molly," she said to the new maid, "you may take the dog out now and give him some air."

"Yes, ma'am," acquiesced Molly, "and please, ma'am, where will I find the nearest service station?"

## EITHER WAY

"I'm in love with another man's wife, and I'm wondering what he'll say when he finds out."

"Why, you poor sap! Whose wife is she?"

"Yours."

"Why, you poor sap!"

## THE POSER

"What was the most difficult part of the civil service exam you took at the post office?"

"Writing with the post office pens."

## NO BREAKS AT ALL

"Luck's always against me," mourned Snickel.

"Unburden yourself," counseled Fritz.

"Well, last night I was rowing on the lake. The moonlight was maddening. The air was like wine. Romance danced on the rippling waters. It was a night of nights for lovers. The woman with me was young and beautiful."

"Is that your idea of hard luck?"

"Certainly. The woman was my wife."

*(The barrage lifts to page 80)*

*The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly*

# TEXAS' MAGIC LAND INVITES THE LEGION.

On every hand—throughout all Southwest Texas—the free, glad life of the out-of-doors, the lure of the open spaces, the tang of the ranch, the richness of America's most wonderful lands—the fertile Valley of the Lower Rio Grande and the famous Winter Garden!

All that, and the opportunity to be for seven glorious days part of it, awaits American Legionnaires in San Antonio in October—that, and the greatest, most colorful program of entertainment ever staged at a national gathering.

## TENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION San Antonio, Texas

OCT. 8-12, 1928





*This flood of membership cards poured into National Headquarters on the final day of the Henry D. Lindsley Trophy race, year before last, when West Virginia and Idaho finished neck-and-neck. Assistant National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel and National Adjutant James F. Barton standing at right. Glenn D. Crawford, National Auditor, seated at right*

# EVERYBODY'S RACE

*By J.M. Henry*

**A** COUPLE of million years ago, after the primeval mud had dried and something

that looked like a man had begun to roam the world, the sport of racing must have had its start. Perhaps the prehistoric man had his racing stable of diplodoci in a cave. Anyway that is the unscientific impression we get from the funny magazines in which artists show old Pop Flinthatchet mounted on a horn-headed beast that looks like the ancestor of the lizard. The wise old anthropologists and geologists probably scorn such a conception, but all of us like to imagine that our forefathers who lived in caves had much the same instincts and fundamental habits that we ourselves have. Undeniably racing has been a sport throughout recorded history. Galley slaves pulled barges to victory thousands of years ago; the Kentucky Derby of today had its counterpart in the chariot races of the arenas in ancient Rome.

The race is the manifestation in sport of the natural law of competition which is all-powerful in all human activities. When Willy Smith and Johnny Jones go busting across the school yard playground to see which one can get inside the school-house door first, they are reacting to the same instinctive urge which causes Minneapolis and St. Paul to compete for population and commercial honors. Without the striving for first place going on constantly, this civilization of ours might be pretty tame.

Every man has a natural pride in his own. In the World War, he knew his division was best. He'll bet on his home town any day. And he'll bet on his State too. That tall corn song of Iowa is characteristic of state feeling everywhere. Every national convention of the Legion gives other evidences. California's red-shirted Forty-Niners are a reflection of true California spirit. When Florida comes out with a new band in

orange-colored uniforms, you know that it is expressing itself. Remember the thousands of Pennsylvanians who marched by at Philadelphia.

Wasn't that a demonstration of the way all good Pennsylvanians felt about the bigness and greatness of their State.

Everybody's love of a race and everybody's belief in his own State combine each year to make exciting the competitions for the big and beautiful membership cups which are awarded to those departments of The American Legion which make the best records in upholding the growth and progress of the Legion. This year National Commander Spafford wants to make those races a little more exciting than they have ever been before. He wants to get every department lined up on the national race course for one or more of the big events, and he wants the whole Legion to be in the grandstand standing on its chairs as the favorites come pounding down toward the finish lines. He would like to see every department working right now to win one of the big trophies which will be handed out so ceremoniously at the San Antonio national convention in October.

Perhaps in other years there hasn't been as wide an interest in the membership cup races as there might have been. At times it has seemed that each race has been run by too few departments. The big idea Commander Spafford would like to get across now is that every department has a chance to win a trophy and that all of them ought to be warming up to capture an honor. There are eleven cups and every department ought to be in training to capture one or more of them.

Victory for each cup will lie with the department turning in the heaviest load of membership cards, but there are dates to be considered and rules which govern, and so on. This article is written to give everybody all the facts about the trophy and cup races. As Chairman of the National Trophies and Awards

Committee, I want to pass on to the whole outfit all the dope.

These cups are worth winning. Each one of them stands for a rich Legion sentiment. Each of them is the embodiment of the personality of a great Legion leader. They are all beautiful works of art, wrought by the country's finest silversmiths, worthy ornaments in any setting. But the important thing is what they stand for.

I like to think of those cups inspiring the men of today who will be our leaders of tomorrow. Among us, all through the country, are the up and coming leaders of tomorrow, the future D'Olies, Galbraiths, MacNiders and Savages.

Think a moment how definite an association each cup has. How powerful is a name! Each cup bears a name that recalls Legion battles won and Legion accomplishments. These cups represent the Legion's history. Think back to the days when Milton J. Foreman was helping lay the foundations of Legion principles. How many questions of policy had to be settled. How well they were settled. How the decisions have endured. Think then of National Commander Franklin D'Olier. His year was one of putting principles to the test, of gathering strength, of getting in line for the big advance. And then National Commander Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., of revered memory. How strongly the name speaks of the Legion's early victories for the disabled man, the fight that led to the establishment of the Veterans Bureau, the great gain when the Legion induced the Government to make a right about face and start a real hospital building program, abandoning the policy of farming out men wrecked in mind and nerves to private hospitals and charitable institutions. Then, National Commander Hanford MacNider. His personality, his dashing aggressiveness—just what was needed in the period of the Legion's history when he took the lead. He got things done and he left the Legion a fine tradition. And so on.

The accomplishments for which the cups are awarded are worthy of the names they bear. One and all they contribute to the development and strengthening of the Legion. The departments which have won cups in other years are the departments which have been leading the Legion. Sometimes it has seemed as if some of the departments were getting a monopoly on certain cups, but when the heat of battle had subsided we recognized that these departments' victories were won on merit and that winning a cup was the result of real honest, conscientious effort. Florida, for example. She manages each year to get a big proportion of the eligible service men in her State. She matches her membership with a superlative Legion spirit which is observed not only by winter visitors to Florida but by everybody attending national conventions. Then there are West Virginia and Idaho. The whole Legion applauded when those two departments fought for the Lindsley Trophy to a neck-and-neck finish several years ago, and applauded some more when West Vir- (Continued on page 70)

# Now is the time for new Silvertowns!

THIS summer, watch Silvertowns break their own fine performance records!

By their hinge-center tread, they have banished the choppy, uneven wear which shortens balloon tire life.

By their structure of heavily rubber-ized cords, they have made fabric breaks and bruises almost unknown.

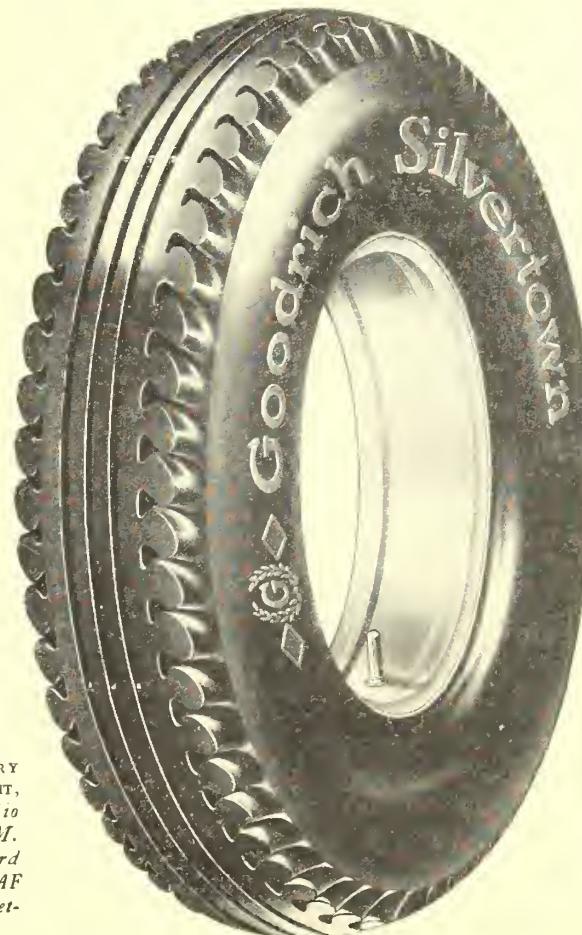
By the Goodrich Water Cure,

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio. Est. 1870  
Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Rubber Co., Kitchener, Ontario

# Goodrich Silvertowns

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and the Red Net-  
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And the other half is—an amazing new laxative principle: tasteless, supreme-ly mild, yet wonderfully effective...

**S**LIP one of these little white tablets in your mouth.

Enjoy its cool delicious mint flavor while you chew it for a few minutes. Instantly—the clogged, inactive system starts to cleanse and purify itself!

This is Feen-a-mint: apparently just a delicious mint chewing gum—actually an amazing new laxative principle! For when chewed thoroughly, it mixes its tasteless medicinal ingredient with the mouth fluids, which carry it directly into the digestive tract for its stimulating effect upon inert intestines.

Results are amazing. A new vitality and a sense of fitness—a fresh, clear-eyed, up-in-the-morning-early feeling, as hundreds of thousands of men and women know.

You will find this wonderful laxative at your druggist's now. Take a Feen-a-mint tablet at any time, confident of feeling a different person in six to eight hours.

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## First Come, First Served

(Continued from page 17)

the local press, fighting to preserve appearances and infuse tried souls with courage, came out with the announcement that owing to the increasing prosperity a three-story brick hotel would go up in Enid. (Each town called itself Enid.) Brick was a magic word in the old West. It suggested stability, permanence. At the same time the suicide of a widow who ran a boarding house in North Town was assigned to despondency caused by the general business depression and more particularly the fact that most of her clients had moved to Enid.

The North Town *Tribune* dismissed the talk of the three-story brick hotel as a characteristic South Town lie put forth in a spasm of jealousy because North Town was going to have an ice plant. But the hotel was actually built and it was three stories high—the first skyscraper in the Strip. It was called the Rex. To adhere literally to the story that the Rex was built of brick would be a needless, if trivial, exaggeration in detail, since it was built of wood. But it is no more than the truth to say that there was a tin front painted to look like brick.

This tin front faced the railroad at a distance of about four hundred yards, at which interval it presented a convincing appearance and dominated its environs like Pikes Peak.

Meanwhile Congress had met again and South Town renewed its appeal for an act directing the Rock Island to stop its trains.

By an accident of chance Senators Platt, Roach and Teller came to the Indian Territory on other matters. While there they were directed to cross

over into Oklahoma and investigate the North Town-South Town dispute about the trains. That was probably the first these statesmen had heard of the great issue that was agitating the Strip.

They conducted their survey of the question with great dispatch. The train on which they were riding did not stop at South Town, but the senators were accorded a privilege not open to ordinary passengers. They were allowed to stand on the back platform and look at South Enid as the locomotive whistled through. Ordinarily travelers were even warned away from windows by the word that the local desperados might shoot them through the glass.

In North Town, however, the train made a long stop. The senators were shown about and South Town cried treachery.

When the bill came up for debate Senator Teller argued for South Town and Senator Platt for North Town. The remarks of the great senator from New York were not very flattering to South Town. But he said something that gave Senator Teller an opening and he obliged Senator Platt to confess on the floor of the Senate that whatever might be said South Town did have three-story brick buildings.

Before the impression created by this admission was modified a vote was called for. It was a tie and the Vice President cast the deciding ballot in favor of South Town.

The trains had to stop, thus insuring, among other things, an unhandicapped flow of customers for the Rex Hotel. South Town prospered from that moment on and in a few years North Town was a memory.

## The Murders in the Rue Morgue

(Continued from page 13)

lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly 'sacre' and 'mon Dieu.' There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling—a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.

"Four of the above named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Everything was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The

windows, both of the back and front rooms, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked, with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth story, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house was a four-story one, with garrets (mansardes). A trap-door on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door, was variously stated by

# WALK-OVER SHOES

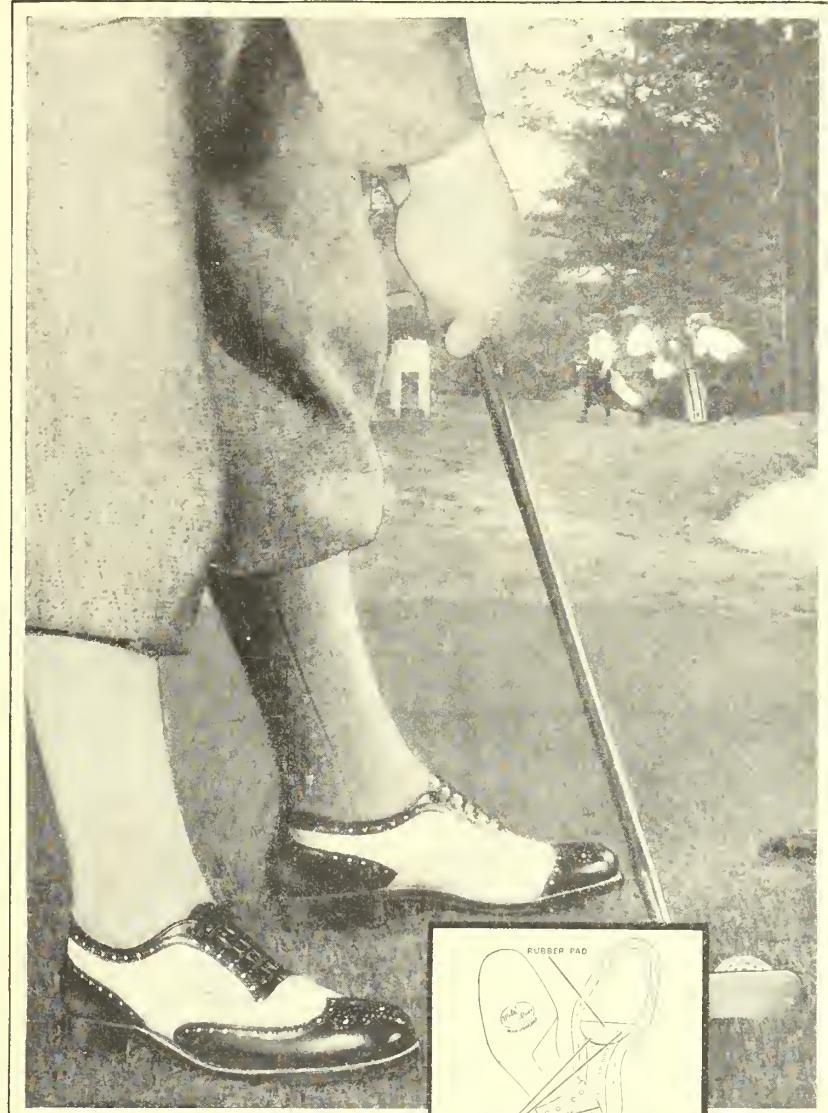
the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes—some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty.

"Alfonzo Garcia, undertaker, deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue. Is a native of Spain. Was one of the party who entered the house. Did not proceed upstairs. Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish what was said. The shrill voice was that of an Englishman—is sure of this. Does not understand the English language, but judges by the intonation.

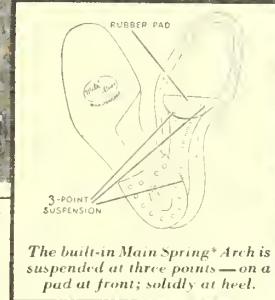
"Alberto Montani, confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

"Several witnesses, recalled, here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth story were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By 'sweeps' were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes, such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house. There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded upstairs. The body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

"Paul Dumas, physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about daybreak. They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discolored, and the eyeballs protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced, apparently, by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left tibia much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored. It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron—a chair—any large, heavy, and obtuse weapon would have produced such results, if wielded by the hands of a very (Continued on page 48)



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## The Murders in the Rue Morgue

(Continued from page 47)

powerful man. No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely separated from the body, and was also greatly shattered. The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably with a razor.

"Alexander Étienne, surgeon, was called with M. Dumas to view the bodies. Corroborated the testimony, and the opinions of M. Dumas.

"Nothing farther of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clew apparent."

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully re-searched, and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned, although nothing appeared to criminate him, beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments. It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been imprisoned, that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"We must not judge of the means," said Dupin, "by this shell of an examination. The Parisian police, so much extolled for acumen, are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but, not unfrequently, these are so ill adapted to the objects proposed, as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain's calling for his *robe de chambre*—pour mieux entendre la musique. The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising, but, for the most part, are brought about by simple diligence and activity. When these qualities are unavailing, their schemes fail. Vidocq, for example, was a good guesser, and a persevering man. But, without educated thought, he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigation.

He impaired his vision by holding the object too close. He might see, perhaps, one or two points with unusual clearness, but in so doing he necessarily lost sight of the matter as a whole. Thus there is such a thing as being too profound. Truth is not always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe that she is in-

variably superficial. The depth lies in the valleys where we seek her, and not upon the mountain-tops where she is found. The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. To look at a star by glances—to view it in a sidelong way, by turning toward it the exterior portions of the retina (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the interior), is to behold the star distinctly—is to have the best appreciation of its lustre: a lustre which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision *fully* upon it. A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but in the former, there is the more refined capacity for comprehension. By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought; and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained, too concentrated, or too direct.

"As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves, before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us amusement" (I thought this an odd term, so applied, but said nothing), "and, besides, Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G—, the Prefect of Police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission."

The permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. It was late in the afternoon when we reached it, as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided. The house was readily found; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite side of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a *logement de concierge*. Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building—Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighborhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps, we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went upstairs—into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay. The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. Dupin scrutinized everything, not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard;

a gendarme accompanying us throughout. The examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure. On our way home my companion stepped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *Je les ménagais*—for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humor, now, to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day. He then asked me, suddenly, if I had observed anything *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word "peculiar," which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

"No, nothing *peculiar*," I said; "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

"The *Gazette*," he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble, for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution—I mean, for the *outré* character of its features. The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive: not for the murder itself, but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention with the facts that no one was discovered upstairs by the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Esparnay, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust, with the head downward, up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyze the powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted acumen, of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse. But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search for the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing, it should not be so much asked 'what has occurred,' as 'what has occurred that has never occurred before.' In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived, at the solution of this mystery, is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment—"I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here—in this room—every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but (Continued on page 50)

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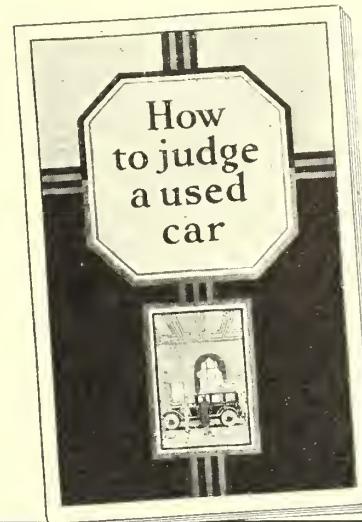
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# The Murders in the Rue Morgue

(Continued from page 49)

the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to someone at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterward have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there was something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is—not that they disagreed—but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that of a *foreigner*. Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and 'might have distinguished some words had he been acquainted with the Spanish.' The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that 'not understanding French, this witness was examined through an interpreter.' The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and 'does not understand German.' The Spaniard is sure that it was that of an Englishman, but

'judges by the intonation' altogether, 'as he has no knowledge of the English.' The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but 'has never conversed with a native of Russia.' A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian; but, *not being cognizant of that tongue*, is, like the Spaniard, 'convinced by the intonation.' Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited!—in whose *tones*, even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognize nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—or of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I will now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness 'harsh rather than shrill.' It is represented by two others to have been 'quick and unequal.' No words—no sounds resembling words—were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

"I know not," continued Dupin, "what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding; but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony—the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices—are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all further progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said 'legitimate deductions'; but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions are the *sole* proper ones, and that the suspicion arises *inevitably* from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself, it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form, a certain tendency, to my inquiries in the chamber.

"Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately, there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision.—Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No secret issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to their eyes, I examined with my own.

There were, then, no secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers *must* have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent 'impossibilities' are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore*, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given; because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus—*a posteriori*. The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened: the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must*, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced. The (Continued on page 52)

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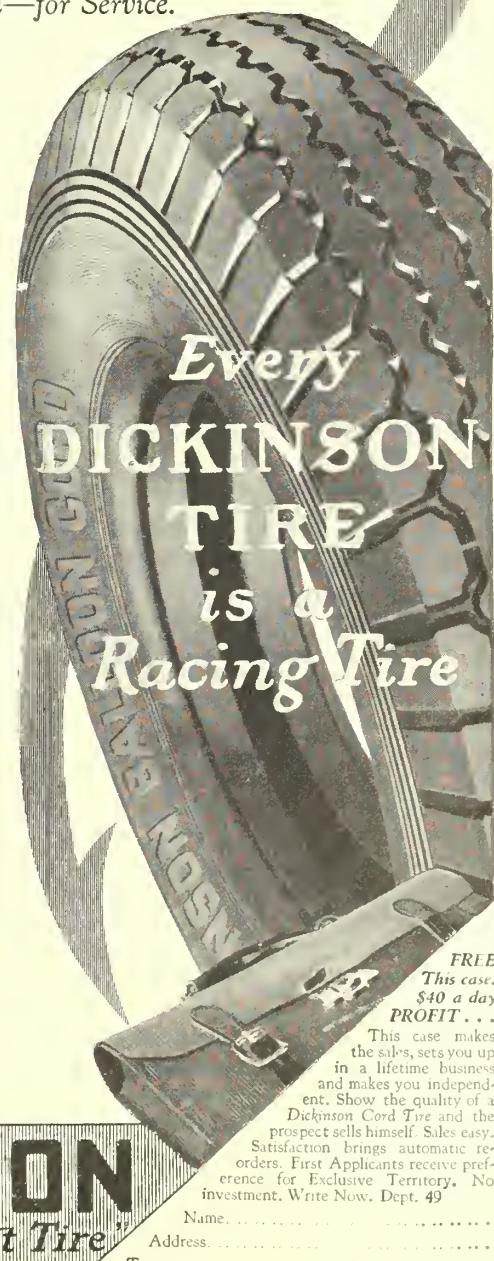
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# The Murders in the Rue Morgue

(Continued from page 51)

conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the headboard minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbor. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner—driven in nearly up the head.

"You will say that I was puzzled; but, if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once 'at fault.' The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result,—and that result was *the nail*. It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clew. 'There *must* be something wrong,' I said, 'about the nail.' I touched it; and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrusted with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially imbedded, in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

"The riddle, so far, was not unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail,—farther inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

"The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth

story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades*—a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door (a single, not a folding door), except that the upper half is latticed or worked in open trellis—thus affording an excellent hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house, they were both about half open—that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but, if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration. In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that, by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage, an entrance into the window, from the rod, might have been thus effected. By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent), a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis-work. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

"I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a *very* unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you, first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished: but, secondly and *chiefly*, I wish to impress upon your understanding the *very extraordinary*, the almost preternatural character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

"You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that 'to make out my case' I should rather undervalue than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition that *very unusual* activity, of which I have just spoken, with that *very peculiar shrill* (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected."

At these words a vague and half-

formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend; as men, at times, find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

"You will see," he said, "that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to suggest that both were effected in the same manner, at the same point. Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company, seldom went out, had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold was abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive*, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it) happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities; that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration. In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

"Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention—that peculiar voice, and unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this—let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney, head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder (*Continued on page 54*)



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## The Murders in the Rue Morgue

(Continued from page 53)

as this. Least of all, do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something *excessively outré*—something altogether irreconcilable with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it *down*!

"Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvellous. On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of gray human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp: sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body: the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor Monsieur Étienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard, upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them—because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

"If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?"

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed—some raving maniac, escaped from a neighboring *Maison de Santé*."

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that

peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it."

"Dupin!" I said, completely unnerved; "this hair is most unusual—this is no *human hair*."

"I have not asserted that it is," said he; "but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a fac-simile drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger-nails,' upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Étienne) as a 'series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.'

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them."

I made the attempt in vain.

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before. "This," I said, "is the mark of no *human hand*."

"Read now," replied Dupin, "this passage from Cuvier."

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Orang-Outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

"The description of the digits," said I, as I made an end of reading, "is in exact accordance with this drawing. I see that no animal but an Orang-Outang, of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of tawny hair, too, is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were *two* voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman."

"True; and you will remember an ex-

pression attributed almost unanimously, by the evidence, to this voice,—the expression 'mon Dieu!' This, under the circumstances, has been justly characterized by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner) as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation. Upon these two words, therefore, I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle. A Frenchman was cognizant of the murder. It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. The Orang-Outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have recaptured it. It is still at large. I will not pursue these guesses—for I have no right to call them more—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another. We will call them guesses, then, and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity, this advertisement, which I left last night, upon our return home, at the office of *Le Monde* (a paper devoted to the shipping interest, and much sought by sailors), will bring him to our residence."

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:

"Caught.—In the Bois de Boulogne, early in the morning of the — inst. (the morning of the murder), a very large, tawny Orang-Outang of the Bornean species. The owner (who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel) may have the animal again, upon identifying it satisfactorily, and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No. —, Rue —, Faubourg St. Germain—au troisième."

"How was it possible?" I asked, "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do not know it," said Dupin. "I am not *sure* of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which, from its form, and from its greasy appearance, has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long *queues* of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have belonged to either of the deceased. Now if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement. If I am in error, he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire. But if I am right, a great point is gained. Cognizant although innocent of the murder, the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement—about demanding the Orang-Outang. He will reason (Continued on page 56)

# AGAIN DUNLOPS

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Captain Campbell's  
207 Miles per hour



February 20, 1928

Mr. E. B. Germain,  
President, Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Germain:

Thank you so very much indeed for your congratulations contained in your wire which I received today.

I would like to most heartily congratulate those that I used when my car succeeded in breaking the record were uncut and in absolutely perfect condition, even though they had been through this gruelling test.

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With kindest regards, I am  
Yours most sincerely,

Malcolm Campbell

All credit to Captain Malcolm Campbell. Roaring over the hard sands of Daytona Beach at 207 miles an hour . . . he held his giant Blue-Bird car in perfect control. He broke the record of Major Segrave, who also drove Dunlops.

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I use Eveready Batteries on my radio set and Eveready Batteries in my flashlight. They are made by the same people in the same shops. And how! It's sometimes a matter of light or death. What's a penny or two then?

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## The Murders in the Rue Morgue

(Continued from page 55)

thus: 'I am innocent; I am poor; my Orang-Outang is of great value—to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger? Here it is, within my grasp. It was found in the Bois de Boulogne at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery. How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed? The police are at fault; they have failed to procure the slightest clew. Should they ever trace the animal, it would be impossible to prove me cognizant of the murder, or to implicate me in guilt on account of that cognizance. Above all, I am known. The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. I am not sure to what limits his knowledge may extend. Should I avoid claiming a property of so great value, which it is known that I possess, I will render the animal, at least, liable to suspicion. It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I will answer the advertisement, get the Orang-Outang, and keep it close until this matter has blown over.'

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

"Be ready," said Dupin, "with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself."

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visitor had entered, without ringing, and advanced several steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up with decision, and rapped at the door.

"Come in," said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

A man entered. He was a sailor, evidently,—a tall, stout, and muscular-looking person, with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburnt, was more than half hidden by whisker and mustachio. He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us "good-evening," in French accents, which, although somewhat Neufchatalish, were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin.

"Sit down, my friend," said Dupin. "I suppose you have called about the Orang-Outang. Upon my word, I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be?"

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden, and then replied, in an assured tone:

"I have no way of telling—but he can't be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here?"

"Oh, no; we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at a livery

stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identify the property?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say, anything in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think!—what should I have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked toward the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin, in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honor of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. From what I have already said, you must know that I have had means of information about this matter—means of which you could never have dreamed. Now the thing stands thus. You have done nothing which you could have avoided—nothing, certainly, which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all you know. An innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind, in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words; but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God," said he, after a brief pause, "I will tell you all I know about this affair; but I do not expect you to believe one-half I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I am innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was, in substance, this. He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo, and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Orang-Outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract toward himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors, he kept it carefully secluded, until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot, received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailors' frolic on the night, or rather in the morning, of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bedroom, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely confined. Razor in hand, and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the key-hole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man for some moments was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Orang-Outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence, through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at its pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with it. It then made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth story of her house. Rushing to the building, it perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the headboard of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Orang-Outang as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the mean time, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured, except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended with—(Continued on page 58)

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## The Murders in the Rue Morgue

(Continued from page 57)

out difficulty, especially by a sailor; but, when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night, which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their nightclothes, had apparently been occupied in arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. The victims must have been sitting with their backs towards the window; and, from the time elapsing between ingress of the beast and the screams, it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. The flapping-to of the shutter would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair (which was loose, as she had been combing it), and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Orang-Outang into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth, and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl, and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired. Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation; throwing down and

breaking the furniture as it moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and, rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Orang-Outang. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and of fright, commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Orang-Outang must have escaped from the chamber, by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for it a very large sum at the *Jardin des Plantes*. Le Bon was instantly released, upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the bureau of the Prefect of Police. This functionary, however well disposed to my friend, could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken, and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two, about the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let him talk," said Dupin, who had not thought it necessary to reply. "Let him discourse; it will ease his conscience. I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes; for, in truth, our friend the Prefect is something too cunning to be profound. In his wisdom is no *stamen*. It is all head and no body, like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna,—or, at best, all head and shoulders, like a codfish. But he is a good creature after all. I like him especially for one master-stroke of cant, by which he has attained his reputation for ingenuity. I mean the way he has 'de nier ce qu'est et d'expliquer ce que n'est pas.'"

## "Anti-Patriotism"

(Continued from page 6)

Madame Roland said of liberty, that crimes are committed in its name; no more than liberty can patriotism be judged by its abuses. If everything that has ever been said against it were three times true, it would still be the fact (and of the first importance to our inquiry) that:

Patriotism gives to innumerable

obscure persons a substantial moral possession, imparting dignity and worth to lives otherwise unbearably petty. "I am a citizen of no mean city," declared Paul at a great moment, and was the better for his Roman pride. (I suppose that nothing under heaven could be more dismally jack-assical than the pert modern pose that to admire noth-

ing is the mark of superiority.) A man devoid of pride had as well be dead, and if he cannot find in his own activities "anything else to be proud of" he is immeasurably the gainer to find pride in a principle outside of, and recognized as greater than, himself.

Patriotism is high-minded and generous; like charity, it seeketh not itself; however it may be with rogues, among common men it is idealistic, disinterested and devoted, and not tainted with any thought of gain. In a markedly "practical" world, whose day-to-day processes are preponderantly material, mean-spirited and vulgar, we shall not do amiss to respect whatever is magnanimous.

Here as well as elsewhere, it may be said that patriotism, being, like religion, an essence and a faith, transcends rationality and does not have to prove computable on an adding machine. Vast aspects of truth are not demonstrable, and profound beliefs, adding enormously to the quantity and quality of human life, carry their own justifications: which do not seem to be much affected when you or I put in, in just accents: "I do not agree with that."

Finally, if faiths are best judged by the sort of people and the sort of conduct they tend to produce (and they are best judged so), what faith has a finer record than patriotism? Love—perhaps, and religion perhaps; but note this, that the moral beauties of love and religion are personal and secret, while the splendors of country-love are uncovered in the sight of all men and spread upon the roil of history.

I take it that as the inspiration of high-souled public behavior patriotism stands absolutely alone. In all ages its immaterial influence has moulded as by fire men whose heroic greatness has become an example to every schoolboy; while common men, lifted out of themselves by this spirit to avow that there are things in life which are better than life, have died in deeds whose grandeur has thrilled humanity thenceforward.

Now what are such things worth? There are people, one gathers, who "aren't interested" in magnanimous behavior; in not a little of the comment on the sufferings or sacrifices of others in the late war, one clearly caught the dry, smug note: "The more fools they." I believe that history and truth show that all the folly (and particularly jackassical folly it is too) lies with such as these.

There are three things which have made people great: and wit and wisecracking have never been among them. These three, I think, are art, or the pursuit of beauty; science, or the search for truth; and character or conduct. He would be a rash man who said that conduct was the least important of the three. (Significantly enough, the spirit of indifference to personal gain and devotion to an ideal are deeply involved in art and science too.) If you are inclined to doubt this, go back through the pages of history, prune out with the knife and tweezers of fancy all examples of great behavior, and judge for yourself how you like (Continued on page 60)

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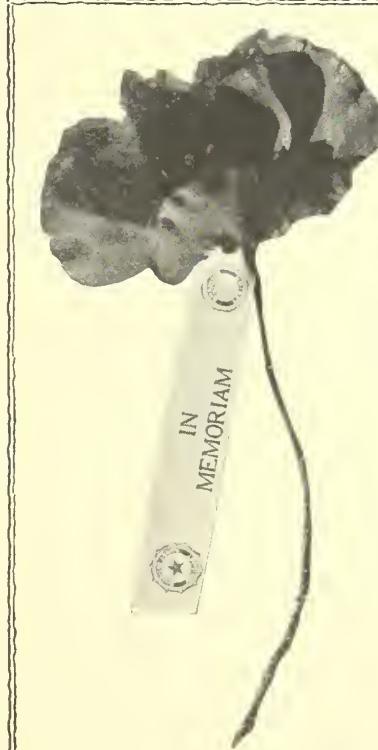


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## "Anti-Patriotism"

(Continued from page 59)

the mutilated remainder. What the great deeds and great heroes of patriotism have done for us, in brief, is to give us magnificent reassurances of the worth and dignity of man, and thus to add illimitably to the sum and richness of mundane life.

For such reasons I judge that the time to destroy patriotism has not arrived, and that it will not arrive unless and until we are certain to have something better to put in its place.

When William James considered the evil genius of war, he saw that merely

to denounce or ridicule it was not enough; hence he evolved his famous "moral equivalent for war." It may be that in the millennium we shall need neither equivalents nor morals; it may well be that on a much nearer day we shall have learned to turn the immense emotional power of patriotism to wholly generous ends; in the meantime, with all its faults, we shall do well not to despise it. Great moral forces are few in this world, and life and men being as they are, we cannot now afford to spare this one.

## Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman

(Continued from page 31)

machines, elaborate dental offices, rooms for occupational therapy, and other usual departments and equipment "Tuberculosis is decreasing among ex-service men as it is among the general population," said Dr. R. H. Lambert, medical head of the hospital.

How did such an institution come about?

When the war was over Michigan knew that it would have some problems to solve in taking care of the service men who were coming home. So it gave the Legion what had been the Roosevelt Community House at Camp Custer, besides \$684,000 in cash and nearly half a million in unsold bonds. The American Legion was to prove that it could run a hospital.

The Legion welfare department had been organized by Dr. Frank B. Broderick. The problem was to bring together men and hospital. A full-time field force of paid traveling welfare men was employed, who went among the veterans on the farms and in the cities and found men from all kinds of homes—well-to-do ones in Detroit or Battle Creek, lonely ones on farms—married ones living in little bungalows, and even one or two who had been compelled to go to the poor farm.

On November 7, 1921, Marshal Foch, in America to attend the Legion's National Convention in Kansas City, dedicated the new hospital. On the fifteenth of the following month one hundred and twenty-five men came to the place for care. The Legion had done an unheard-of thing. It had dispensed with red tape and was actually offering Michigan men hospitalization before it was too late. In a simple, not at all political way, the Legion thought that a sick man ought to come right to the hospital for care. They were blunt, unsophisticated youngsters, those Legionnaires, too stupid to see that it would be necessary for the returned soldiers to write to their Congressman, consult mental specialists,

subscribe to the something or other and travel to Washington and back a couple of times before receiving treatment. "We are going to have treatment first and red tape afterward," they said, doggedly. "Show three things and come in: (1) home in the State, (2) discharge from the Army or Navy, (3) medical diagnosis of tuberculosis." Strangely enough this revolutionary procedure was successful. Sometimes a man is in the hospital for months—declared an arrested case by the time the Legion has finished straightening out the red tape connected with his case. By this time the Veterans Bureau is generally paying for the man. But if the red tape is never straightened out, then the State of Michigan makes up for the deficit.

The next thing the Legion decided on for its hospital was that it did not want it to look like a hospital at all. So the Legion let it stay exactly as it was when it was put up as a place of entertainment. The rooms were furnished like ordinary rooms. The patients hang up the pictures of their friends, add the small personal things from home to the bedside table if they are still living in bed, and when they look out of the windows they see sunshine or rain lying on prairies.

Those patients who are able to walk about and come to their meals in the dining room may spend their time in the spacious hall, writing letters, listening to the radio, or talking to visitors. Certain hours each day are spent in the occupational therapy rooms, where men who wish to do so may learn an art or trade at which they may make their living when they leave the hospital.

Bill Jones came into the hospital. He had been in France as an infantryman; he lived in a small Michigan town, and the local doctor had suspected Bill of having tuberculosis. So Bill came down to the hospital on the first train. He entered and registered at the desk just as if he had been going into a hotel.

Looking around he may have fancied himself in a clubhouse, and he was pleased when he was led out and assigned to a little bungalow where two other men already lived. "It looks better than I thought," Bill said.

He was given a bath robe and pajamas. "But I'm not that sick," he said.

"No, but you're a bed patient for ten days until we find out what you'll be after that," was the reply.

Bill went grumbly to bed. As his temperature and pulse were normal he was allowed to get up and go into the dining room for meals. But never in his life had he spent such a busy ten days.

The welfare officer visited him to find out if he had filed a claim for compensation. Had he received compensation? Was he married? Had he received his state bonus? At first Bill was inclined to tell his questioner that he considered these things his own business, but he soon learned the kindly character of the examination—part of Dr. Merryman's work, by the way.

Then in came a doctor who asked him for practically the story of his life. Then he gave Bill a general examination. Two other doctors appeared. "What do you want?" asked Bill. "I've been examined."

"Heart," said one.

"Lungs," said another.

"Gee, what else?" said Bill.

There was the x-ray, he found. And then the laboratory took a blood test.

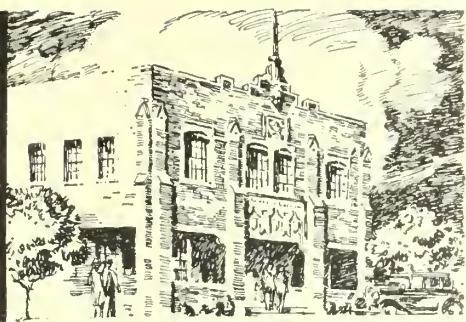
After that it was over for a while. A doctor began to visit Bill twice a day, and just as he was beginning to wonder what to do with his spare time in came another man—assistant on Dr. Merryman's staff—and told Bill that if he would like to learn to draw or to paint, to work in leather, to make lamp shades, rugs, or furniture, there was a well-equipped shop where he could learn any of those things.

At the end of ten days Bill was told that if he stayed in bed for a month he could probably get up so many hours each day. Rest, wholesome food and fresh air would do wonders for him.

So with his head-set for radio, his books and games Bill settled down to a month of waiting very philosophically. At the end of that time he was allowed to be up for certain hours each day, to go to the movies, or for automobile rides. Today he is back in Detroit, declared an arrested case.

Bill is like many others. He had been brought in by a field man who had discovered in time what was wrong with him. Now the hospital is what is called a "contract hospital," but as it is operated wholly by the Legion it is unlike any other hospital of the same kind. It holds a contract with the United States Veterans Bureau under which it receives a per diem allowance from the Government for each patient. It takes in a man as soon as he is found; it often takes months to straighten out the man's claim in the Veterans Bureau. In other hospitals it would be necessary to settle his right to get in first. In this hospital the only right necessary is the disease and the honorable discharge.

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543 High Street Springfield, Ohio

## Follow Me!

(Continued from page 21)

quavered when the thunder of the explosions ceased.

"Come on!" said Popeye, grabbing him and rising. "Let's go!"

"Where's our prisoners?" Squeak asked.

"I don't know," said Popeye nervously. "Hey!" he called timidly into the darkness. "You guys, where are you?"

"They can't talk English," Squeak reminded him, "Maybe they got killed."

"No," said Popeye positively. "I think they run for it."

"Which way'd they go?" Squeak asked.

"Follow me," said Popeye. "Ketch ahold of my coat and keep comin'."

A full mile distant from the scene of this action Squeak Anderson stumbled to his knees and still clutching Popeye's coattails dragged him to a reluctant standstill.

"Come on!" Popeye panted. "What are you stoppin' for here?"

"I can't run any more," Squeak gasped.

"What's the matter?" Popeye asked.

"I'm out o' breath," Squeak explained.

"My God!" exclaimed Popeye. "You can't stand bein' cold an' you can't stand bein' wet an' you can't stand bein' hungry. Now you can't stand to run any more 'cause you're out o' breath. This is a war, feller! You got to be able to stand somethin' when there's a war on."

"What have we got to run for now?" Squeak panted. "There ain't anything fallin' around here."

"Say!" said Popeye indignantly. "Did you think I was runnin' away from somethin'? I'm tryin' to catch them prisoners we lost."

"How do you know they come this way?" Squeak asked.

"They had to come some way, didn't they?" Popeye said irritably. "It might as well be this way as any other. Come on, kid, let's get goin'. Follow me!"

**I**N THE late dusk of an evening three days later Squeak Anderson and Popeye McGurty cautiously approached a considerable French town on the railroad some thirty-five miles from the line, and on the way to Paris.

"I think we oughta go in and give ourselves up," Squeak argued nervously. "Tell 'em we got lost and everything. They can't shoot a guy for gettin' lost, can they?"

"We ain't lost," Popeye insisted. "Them prisoners we had is the ones that's lost and we're huntin' 'em, see? Don't forget it!"

"Why should we be huntin' 'em away back here?" Squeak asked. "Not that I care, but if we was to get picked up and somebody should ask me I got to say somethin'."

"One of them prisoners talked English," Popeye explained.

"Did he?" said Squeak. "I didn't hear him."

"Sure, ya did!" said Popeye. "When we was bringin' 'em in, just after we left the line, he asked me how far it was to this town that we're just comin' into now. Remember?"

"Oh, yeah," said Squeak vaguely. "I remember now. Kind of I do anyhow. What's the name of this town we're just comin' into?"

"Well," said Popeye, "we got to find that out. So, like I'm tellin' you, he asked the name of this town—whatever it is—and after we lost him there in the dark, see, we figured that if he wasn't killed he'd make for here. If he asked us the name of this town, why he probably knows somebody here, maybe a spy, so we figured here's where he was headed for. So after we lost him, I says to you, I says, 'Listen!' I says. 'You go on back to the line and tell the lieutenant what happened and tell him I've gone on to this town to get this guy or die tryin'!'"

"Oh, yeah," said Squeak, "I see! Why didn't I go back and do like you told me to?"

"Cause you're a square guy and a good friend," McGurty told him. "You says to me, 'It's as much my fault as it is yours we lost 'em. You can't tell what kind of a jam you're goin' to get into goin' back there,' you says to me. 'You might run into a whole bunch o' spies. Where you go, I go,' you says to me, see?"

"Sure!" said Squeak. "A guy like me couldn't do less. You know, Popeye, I think we'd better wait 'til dark to try to get into that town. I'll bet it's lousy with M. P's."

"Follow me," said Popeye. "I never led you wrong yet, did I?"

They entered the town by a cobbled street, and walked a block and a half along a narrow sidewalk. At the end of the first block they passed a small estaminet.

"Um-m!" said Squeak hungrily. "smell that meat fryin'!"

Popeye sniffed. "What I smell's cognac," he said eagerly. "Listen, Squeak, ain't you even got a franc or two around you somewhere? You sure you frisked all your pockets?"

"My button's the only thing I got that's even the shape o' money," Squeak said sadly. "What are we goin' to do, Popeye?"

"You smell the food in this town," said Popeye, "an' I smell cognac. It's here and we're here, and we're goin' to meet somehow. Just follow me!"

A half a block farther Squeak stopped suddenly, stepped into a dark doorway and dragged Popeye after him.

"M. P's!" Squeak whispered. "On the corner. Two of 'em. I got a flash of the bands on their arms in the light from that kind of a store there."

The two started violently as the door behind them was thrown open and a bent, white-haired old lady stood par-

tially revealed in the dim light coming from a room some distance down the narrow hallway.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est, m'sieur?" she inquired.

"Oui, oui!" said Popeye amiably, and, having thus exhausted his French. "Say, listen, lady, have you got a room you can put us up in?"

"Qu'est-ce que vous dites, m'sieur?" the old lady asked.

"Room!" Popeye said vehemently, making signs. "You know, bed, sleep."

The old lady shook her head, "Je ne parle pas anglais."

A man came into the hall from the room, a stooped man of fifty-some-odd with a gray mustache. He was dressed in civilian clothes.

"What is it you wish, gentlemen," he said in very precise English.

"Oh, say, hello there!" Popeye said halpily. "Can we get a room here?"

"Of what unit of the army are you?" the man asked.

"Well, now, we ain't talkin' about that," Popeye said guardedly. "What we want is to get a room."

The man smiled. "You are A. W. O. L., yes, eh?" he said.

"We're no such a thing!" Popeye said indignantly. "Listen, mister, you're a Frenchman, ain't you? We're Americans, see? We're all in this war together, ain't we? Now me and my friend, we're here in a line of duty. No kiddin'! I can't tell you what it is, because it's secret stuff. But I tell you right now it's important. What we got to have is a room, a place to stay, see? How about it? Can you fix us up?"

"Come in," said the man softly. "It may be arranged. Come in and shut the door. You have eaten, yes?"

"We have not!" Squeak said positively.

"That's only the half of it," said Popeye anxiously. "We ain't had nothin' to drink either."

Hours later Popeye peered dizzily into the street from the small window of an upper bedroom, withdrew his head and made his way somewhat deviously to the huge soft feathered bed in which Squeak Anderson was already luxuriously ensconced. Popeye was giggling tipsily.

"Whasha laughin' at?" Squeak asked thickly.

"Them M. P.'s standin' down in the street," Popeye explained. "Two of 'em standin' down there in the rain lookin' for what they can see. They're standin' down there in the rain, and here we are all dry and cozy and full o' liquor and food, with a soft bed to crawl into. Um, baby! Some cognac!"

"Them eggs!" said Squeak. "Wasn't them some eggs?"

Popeye crawled into the soft bed and relaxed luxuriously.

"Where do you suppose them prisoners of ours is," Squeak Anderson asked.

"We'll find 'em," Popeye assured him sleepily. "Just follow me, kid!"

THE name of the town in which Squeak and Popeye slept that night, so comfortably sheltered, was Meaux. It was then (Continued on page 64)

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## AGENTS

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McGurty awoke, dazed with sleep, sat up, hopped out of bed, and implored the combatants to remember their manners.

"Cheese it!" he urged, "Cheese! You'll have all the M. P.'s in town up here. What do you want to do, get us all pinched?"

He heard, then, a banging at the front door of the house and the sound of American voices raised in profanity. Then the splintering noise of a door being opened without benefit of locksmith.

"Here we go!" he said dolefully. "I knew this racket would bring the M. P.'s in. I hope you two goofs kill each other!"

His action a moment later indicated that the wish thus expressed lacked sincerity. The Frenchman, on top for a moment, wrenched an arm free, grabbed a heavy china water pitcher from a low stand and raised it high, with evident intent to smash Squeak's skull.

"Hey! Cheese!" Popeye yelled.

He reached forward, grabbed the Frenchman's arm, plucked the water pitcher from his surprised fingers, and tapped him judiciously on the back of the head. It was a carefully judged blow. It broke neither pitcher nor skull. It did its intended work, however. The Frenchman grunted and went limp. Squeak crawled out from beneath the collapsed form of his late antagonist.

"A fine guy you are!" Popeye said scornfully. "Cheese!"

The major and the lieutenant entered the room, each carrying a ready automatic. In the hall outside the sergeant and two men waited.

"Here!" said the major. "What's this, what's this?"

Squeak and Popeye gave the best imitation of a military salute that could be managed by two startled, stark-naked, half-soused soldiers.

"What's this?" the major repeated, and again, "what's this?"

He stepped forward to the unconscious Frenchman, turned him over, and gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"There!" he said to the lieutenant, pointing, "there's your man."

"Him?" the lieutenant said, amazed. "Him? Why, that's Marcel du Foyard. He's a switchman in the railroad yards here."

"He's a German spy," said the major. "I had him once in Bordeaux and he escaped. We've been combing France for this bird."

"A German spy!" Squeak Anderson gasped. "Oh, my God!"

"See!" said Popeye McGurty triumphantly, digging him in the ribs. "What did I tell you?"

The major glared at Popeye. "Never mind what you told him," he said. "What are you going to tell me?"

"Well, sir," said Popeye, "it's like this . . ." He talked swiftly for five minutes.

When he had finished, the major shook his head and sighed. "It boils down to this," he said skeptically. "You were coming back from the line with these prisoners. One of them talked English. He told you of a German spy living in Meaux and asked you to let

him go for the information he had given you. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir!" said Popeye. "And I says to him—"

"Never mind the trimming," said the major. "Now, let me get this straight. Just after this somewhat amazing offer that this German prisoner made to you, you ran into some heavy shelling, and in the darkness and confusion you lost your prisoners. Not being able to find them, you and—er—Private Anderson here decided to come on to Meaux on your own hook and capture this spy about whom you had been so strangely told."

"Yes, sir!" Popeye said eagerly. "that's it! I said to Squeak here—Private Anderson, I mean—I said, 'Listen, kid!'—Private Anderson, I mean—I call him kid when we're alone—'Listen, kid!' I said—"

"Never mind that," said the major. "I've heard all that before. You came here then—made your way to Meaux—located this man, made friends with him, and he took you in and kept you here."

"Yes, sir!" said Popeye. "He kep' askin' us questions. 'Course we never told him the truth about nothin'. Just lied to him. We was waitin' all the time for him to do something so we could prove what he was, see? I didn't like the way he acted at dinner, so when me and Squeak here—Private Anderson, I mean—when we went to bed, I told him, I says, 'We got to keep our eyes open tonight. I don't like the way he's actin'. I think he's goin' to do something.' So we kept quiet, and pretty soon he came into the room with his mustache shaved off—he had a big long mustache before—"

"I know!" said the major impatiently. "Go on!"

"He come in and undressed," Popeye continued, "and started to put on my clothes. Then I knew it was time to do something, so I said to Squeak here—he was lyin' in bed pretendin' to be asleep—'Get him, kid!' I said, and we both jumped up and went for him. Then you came in, and—"

"I see," said the major thoughtfully. "Then we came in and here we all are."

The man Popeye McGurty had tapped on the head with the water pitcher stirred, groaned, and sat up.

"Welcome, stranger!" said the major, smiling. "How do you like our little city?"

The man stared, grinned and shrugged.

"We meet again, Major," he said mockingly. "The fortunes of war are odd, eh? I learned that you had arrived and was just on the point of making my escape attired in the uniform of this corporal, when—ah!"

He looked at Popeye McGurty, and his eyes narrowed. "Two clever men, Major," he said in a puzzled tone. "Two very, very clever men. I did not think it possible that I could be so fooled. Two very clever men. I recommend them."

"Um," said the major doubtfully. "I guess so. All right, Lieutenant, get the proper clothes on him and take him along. Mind (Continued on page 67)



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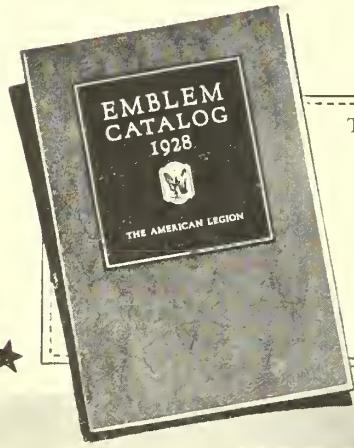


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## Follow Me!

(Continued from page 65)

your step with him. He's slippery. Got away from me once. I'll be along in a few minutes, I want to talk to these—two clever men here."

The lieutenant and his men took the spy away. The major shut the door and faced Popeye and Squeak.

"Now," he said confidentially, "let's have the truth."

"I told you the truth, Major," Popeye insisted. "Honest I did! That's just the way it happened."

The major looked at Squeak. "Do you subscribe to that?" he asked.

"Do I what?" Squeak said puzzled.

"Back him up!" the major said impatiently. "Tell the same story he does?"

"Yes, sir!" said Squeak. "Just the same."

"It would be!" said the major, "just exactly the same."

He took a turn up and down the room. "If what you tell me is true," he said, "you are indeed two very clever men, and the intelligence section of this man's army can make good use of you. If what you say is not true, you're a pair of the best liars I've met in many a year, and I've listened to champions.

Either way, I think we need you. You'll come into Paris with me tonight. I'll arrange to have you transferred to my outfit. You'll stay in Paris until the intelligence section has work for you. When we need you, you'll be given your orders. There are spies in France yet at large who might be trapped by two clever men—or two colossal liars—as the case may be. You understand that this is in the nature of a promotion?"

"Yes, sir!" said Popeye saluting. "We only done our duty, sir!"

"You did a damn' sight more than your duty," the major said. "I don't know just what you had in mind, but—well, we'll see."

Hours later Popeye McGurty and Squeak Anderson emerged from the Gare de l'Est in the major's wake and looked upon Paris.

"So this is Paris!" Squeak said in an awed voice. "I never thought I'd get to see it."

"Follow me and you'll see plenty," Popeye whispered boastfully. "Didn't I always tell you? Ain't it come out like I said? Don't ever bother your brains about what's goin' to happen, boy! Just follow me!"

## A Personal View

(Continued from page 33)

followers, was by his initiative or planning.

I hope he is too wise for that. If I know Legionnaires it is a poor method for him to get the votes of Legionnaires. What is more important is that the dispatch states that one of his leading backers, in his effort to win the support of a state delegation at the party national convention, is a former Department Commander who is described as one of the most influential members of the Legion in that section.

So he is, as a Legionnaire in Legion matters. It is perfectly right and praiseworthy that he should be backing the candidate in whom he believes. But I do not believe that he fathered that notice or welcomed it with the kind of implication it bore. For it suggests that he can control Legion votes for his candidate; that he is capitalizing his influence as a Legionnaire among Legionnaires to help nominate a man for the candidacy of a political party.

If he, or any other Legionnaire, should be so enthusiastic for his man that he is going about saying that his candidate is strong with the Legion, and that through his own Legion connections he can make votes for that candidate, I think that he will be losing his Legion influence of the right kind, his power for service in the Legion as a Legionnaire; or else I have missed the point of our resolution to keep the Legion absolutely out of politics.

It may be said that there is a hair-trigger line between the Legion being out of and in politics. But to me it is a clear line. I should like to draw it as I see it; and the subject is so important to our future that I want to be understood even if I have to use a good many words when I have so little space.

The Legion influence of members is a thing wholly within the Legion; it is work within the organization for promoting the principles of the Legion. When a man thinks as a Legionnaire he is not thinking in terms of political parties or their partisan programmes or measures, but as an ex-service man in the terms of high service—of the whole nation which he served in war as a whole and of common ideals and human interests.

When he thinks in terms of whom he wants to be the candidate of his party for President, governor, mayor or legislator, it is as a member of a political party or a political group. When he chooses between the candidates of the two great political parties he chooses as a citizen thinking outside the Legion, and he is both a better citizen and Legionnaire for doing so.

By posts, by departments, by national organization, the Legion may conduct "Get Out the Vote" campaigns but never for one party or any candidate. Their object is to have every citizen do his duty as a citizen, which is the highest duty of (Continued on page 68)

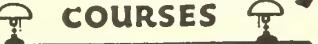


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## A Personal View

(Continued from page 67)

the Legionnaire, with no indication of how he should vote.

For this is his business between him and the nation as a citizen. And by making it so, by voting according to his convictions, after thoroughly studying the issues and the men, the Legion is served in the highest kind of politics, which it can serve only by every member, every post, every Legion officer being entirely above suspicion of trying to use the Legion for partisan political ends in the smallest degree.

Only in that way can we make a real fraternity, which is founded on the service when men give most and risk most in blood and fire test, and which shall have a place by itself in American life.

Now that the Legion is so strong, that it stands for so much, the temptation is great for ambitious men to use that power for personal and party ends; for the boosters of candidates to suggest the backing of Legion influence. The stronger we are the more we have to lose. Therefore, in the coming months, we have to be hound-keen on the watch to avert those tendencies whose resistance has made the Legion what it is in itself and in public esteem.

Those who write political news, those who carry it to party headquarters should have it pasted in their hats as a notice, Legion served, that all friends of candidates will lose rather than make votes when they say that any candidate or his backers can pull votes because of his position in the Legion. For the Legion did not honor him with leadership as a political worker but as a fellow veteran in the Legion.

Drive that home with heavy gun, machine gun, and rifle fire, and it will be the answer to those who say: "Stuff! You'll find that as the Legion gets older it cannot keep out of politics." Drive it home and the unique power and influence of the Legion will continue to grow.

This is the contrary of implying that the backers of any candidate should not point to his war service as proof of his character, and to his community service. They should. But not to what a big man he is in the Legion, where he is just one Legionnaire who has one vote as John Citizen and who goes to the polls strictly in the part of John Citizen.

There can not be too many Legionnaires in politics; they cannot take too active a part in bettering government and the leadership of both parties. Between a candidate who is a Legionnaire and one who is not, other things being equal, I am certainly for the Legionnaire; but not if he tries to influence my vote through the Legion or is nominated as a party man because of Legion influence. This is not saying, but rather emphasizing, that one way of knowing a candidate's character is through association with him in Legion activities.

Again and again be it said that in politics the Legion stands for the whole, for national defense, for clean government, sound patriotic traditions, the care of sick and maimed comrades, community service and for all those policies, above party politics, for which it is on record at its national conventions. That is as I see it; and I think that the thought is important in this year 1928.

## Keeping Step

(Continued from page 38)

is singled out for community honor. This year that honor was awarded to Chaplain Wilson. With public ceremonies he was presented with the Times Civic Cup. Leading among those who proposed his name for the honor was the Trenton branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians—an order composed exclusively of Catholics of Irish birth or descent. The New Jersey Department of The American Legion also honored Chaplain Wilson, placing in his church a tablet which was dedicated with ceremonies attended by delegations from many posts. Past National Commander Hanford MacNider gave an address at the dedication.

### Growing Fame

LEGION posts in several States are preparing to honor the memory of George Rogers Clark in 1928, 150 years after he won for the United States a vast new territory, in a campaign which was described in C. E. Scoggins' article,

"Who Was George Rogers Clark?" in the March issue of the Monthly.

One hundred and fifty years ago, George Rogers Clark and his band of Virginia volunteers, bound for the victory of Kaskaskia, crossed the Ohio River near the present Kentucky city of Paducah and rested on the Illinois shore to gather strength for their historic march through the wilderness. Where the patriots rested, on the site of an old French fort at Metropolis, Illinois, Overton P. Morris Post of The American Legion is preparing to re-enact the events of a century and a half ago. On June thirtieth the Metropolis post expects to entertain twenty thousand Legionnaires when it stages a historical pageant. National Commander Edward E. Spafford has been invited as the guest of honor and posts from Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky are expected to send delegations.

Indiana posts are planning to take prominent parts in the George Rogers Clark Sesquicentennial Exposition to be



Left to right—Mrs. Arthur Kresge, formerly Mrs. Lucy Boyd, whose marriage took place in March, after she retired as National Secretary of The American Legion Auxiliary; Miss Emma Hadorn, new National Secretary of the Auxiliary, and Mrs. Cecelia Wenz, new National Treasurer

held at Vincennes, Indiana, next year. At Prairie du Rocher, Illinois, Joseph Park Post is trying to obtain construction of a hard-surfaced road leading to Fort Chartres, the seat of French military government in the Illinois territory.

#### Romance

AS National Secretary of The American Legion Auxiliary Mrs. Lucy Boyd had been in Pennsylvania often and now she has gone to Pennsylvania to live. Early in March Mrs. Boyd married Arthur Kresge of Pittston, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Boyd met Mr. Kresge, for the first time, in Pittston, following the death of the husband of Mrs. Mabel Stark, former National Chaplain of The American Legion Auxiliary. Mr. Stark died unexpectedly at his home in West Pittston while Mrs. Stark was attending a meeting of the Auxiliary's National Executive Committee in Indianapolis, and Mrs. Boyd lightened Mrs. Stark's burden of grief and care by accompanying her to her Pennsylvania home.

When Mrs. Boyd's resignation was announced at the meeting of the Auxiliary's National Executive Committee in January, the committee paid high tribute to her long service with the organization and presented to her a wedding gift.

Miss Emma Hadorn, who had been National Treasurer for the past two years, was elected by the National Executive Committee to succeed Mrs. Boyd. Miss Hadorn is from Home, Kansas, and she served for three years as Secretary of the Kansas Department of the Auxiliary before coming to National Headquarters. Mrs. Cecelia Wenz was elected National Treasurer to succeed Miss Hadorn, and Miss Margaret Gauss was named Assistant National Secretary.

#### Dope for the Railbirds

KEEP in mind the fact that The American Legion had passed the half million membership mark for 1928 at 2 p. m. on March 15th when you read National Vice Commander J. M. Henry's

article, "Everybody's Race," on page 44. Never before in the Legion's history had 500,000 members been enrolled so early in the year, a fact that indicates the final figures for 1928 are going to be way above the total of 730,000 registered at the end of 1927. And look for some new names among the 1928 cup winners.

Watch Texas, for example. Department Commander Walton D. Hood has set out to do two things this year—to put the Texas Department first in membership and to make the San Antonio National Convention the best the Legion has ever held. Texas ended 1927 with 18,152 members—things hadn't been going so well down there. But on March 15th, exactly 17,318 Lone Star State Legionnaires had signed up. And watch Illinois again this year. It finished 1927 with more than 70,000 members, and it promises to have even more in 1928. On March 15th it had 47,111 names on its list. Pennsylvania, too. It ended 1927 with 58,346; it had 40,018 on March 15th.

National Vice Commander Henry, who lives at Winona, Minnesota, served as Post Commander, District Executive Committeeman, District Vice Commander, State Executive Committeeman and National Executive Committeeman before entering his present office.

#### The Roll Call

IN addition to National Vice Commander J. M. Henry, five Legionnaires are represented by major contributions in this issue. Harvey Dunn, who painted the cover, is a member of De Witt Coleman Post of Tenafly, New Jersey. . . . Lowell L. Balcom, who made the illustrations for Edgar Allan Poe's tale, belongs to Fitzsimmons Post of Kansas City, Missouri. . . . Marquis James is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. . . . Richard Seelye Jones, a member of National Press Club Post, Washington, D. C., directed the raising of the \$5,000,000 American Legion Endowment Fund. . . . Woodward Boyd, author of several recent novels, was a member of the first women's post formed in Chicago.

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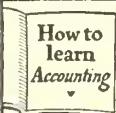
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# Everybody's Race

(Continued from page 45)

ginia, at first considered the victor, yielded the cup to Idaho in a spirit of generous sportsmanship.

The Lindsley Trophy has already been won by some department this year. Wisconsin has won it unless belated returns from foreign departments cause an upset. The contest ended at midnight of the last day of February. The Lindsley Trophy is awarded annually to the department attaining the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership by March 1st. The Department of Florida has won it three years, in 1924, 1925 and 1927. It was won by Idaho in 1926 when Idaho enrolled 134.90 percent of its previous year's membership by March 1st. Last year by March 1st, Florida had on its rolls 90.62 percent of the members it had when the preceding year ended.

In addition to the cups bearing the names of Past National Commanders, there are other cups presented in the names of Past National Adjutants and certain States. Lest I go out of bounds on space, I'll give the list of all the cups, with the exception of the Lindsley Trophy, and the terms under which they are awarded. Here they are—pick out your cup and go after it:

Hanford MacNider Trophy—Awarded annually to the department attaining the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership. Standings of departments competing for this cup are determined thirty days in advance of the opening day of the national convention. Winners of the MacNider Trophy in other years: 1922, Georgia; 1923, Georgia; 1924, Florida; 1925, France; 1926, Idaho; 1927, Alabama. (Who wins in 1928? Wisconsin? Well, maybe.)

Franklin D'Olier Trophy—Awarded annually to the department attaining highest percentage of eligible ex-service men in its territory. Standings are determined thirty days in advance of opening day of the national convention. Winners in other years: 1922, Iowa; 1923, Iowa; 1924, South Dakota; 1925, South Dakota; 1926, South Dakota; 1927, Florida. (Oh what a chance for Rhode Island! Never heard of them!)

Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., Trophy—Awarded annually to the department having present and participating in the national convention parade members of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary representing the greatest aggregate travel or mileage to the national convention city. Won by Department of California at Paris convention, by Florida at the three preceding conventions. (Calling Maine or Washington for San Antonio!)

North Carolina Trophy—Awarded to the department not included among the forty-eight States or the District of Columbia attaining the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership, standins to be determined thirty days prior to the

opening day of the national convention. Won in other years: 1924, Mexico; 1925, France; 1926, Philippine Islands; 1927, Canada. (Page Panama and Alaska!)

John G. Emery Trophy—Awarded annually to the department having the highest percentage of membership thirty days before the opening day of the national convention as compared with the average membership for the four preceding years. Won in 1926 by Delaware, in 1927 by Canada. (Open field, free for all.)

John R. Quinn Trophy—Awarded annually to the department having the highest percentage of membership on June 15th as compared with the average membership for the four preceding years. Won in 1927 by Canada.

James A. Drain Trophy—Awarded annually to the department whose posts have made the best record of service for community betterment as indicated by comprehensive statements submitted covering the work performed. Won in 1926 by Wisconsin and 1927 by California.

Milton J. Foreman Trophy—Awarded annually to the department which has done the most for the boys and girls of America. To be awarded for the first time at the national convention in San Antonio next October.

Lemuel Bolles Trophy—Presented by Past National Adjutant Lemuel Bolles, it is awarded to the band winning first prize in competition with all other bands during the annual national convention. Won by Monahan Post Band of Sioux City, Iowa, at the Paris convention.

Russell G. Creviston Trophy—Presented by Past National Adjutant Russell G. Creviston, this trophy is awarded to the drum corps winning first prize in competition with all other drum corps at the annual national convention. Won by the drum corps of Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami, Florida, at Paris.

Supplementing the national trophies competed for annually, National Commander Spafford personally is offering in 1928 a New York State Trophy to all States, to be awarded in each State to the district attaining the highest membership over its average membership of the preceding three years. National Commander Spafford has asked each State to draw up its own rules governing the contest for the cup. In Mr. Spafford's own State of New York, the special trophy cup is called the Spafford Membership Trophy.

The National Trophies and Awards Committee has four members in addition to the chairman. The other members are: M. S. Eddy of Georgia, H. L. Plummer of Wisconsin, Robert C. McDougle of West Virginia, and Volney Diltz of Iowa.

In addition to bossing the races for trophies, the National Trophies and Awards Committee supervises the national convention band and drum corps

competitions. Just now the committee is trying to revamp the rules for these contests, and suggestions from bands and drum corps are coming in. The committee wants to hear from all musical outfits having ideas for revisions.

All trophies and awards offered in the name of the national organization must be approved by the National Executive Committee. The National Committee on Trophies and Awards makes a study of each new trophy offered and submits its recommendations to the National Executive Committee. Before a new trophy has been approved by the National Executive Committee the Trophies and Awards Committee prepares detailed rules governing it. Copies of the rules for any or all cups are obtainable from the National Adjutant.

In addition to the trophies, the National Executive Committee has approved the awarding of certain other honors. Each department winning one of the national trophies is entitled to a gold plate describing the trophy, to be attached to the staff of the department banner.

The title to each trophy remains in The American Legion, and each trophy is to be kept in constant circulation and awarded at each national convention.

A solid silver honor plate, for attachment to the staff of the department banner, is awarded to each department attaining 100 percent or over of its preceding year's membership, the determination of enrollment to be made thirty days prior to the national convention.

The American Legion Auxiliary is always doing what it can to increase the Legion's membership while it gains new members for itself. We wish to call attention, therefore, to the Auxiliary's own trophies. Here is a list of them:

Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart Trophy—Presented by First National President Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart. Awarded annually to the Auxiliary department attaining the greatest percentage increase over its highest membership. Winner determined thirty days in advance of the opening day of the national convention. Won by Mississippi in 1927.

Lillian M. Towne Trophy—Presented by Mrs. Towne, Past National Membership Chairman, awarded annually to the department attaining the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership by March 1st. Won by Mississippi in 1927.

Historical Record Cup—Presented by the Department of Georgia. Awarded to the department sending to National Headquarters the greatest number of correctly filled out blanks for membership applications, number to be based comparatively on department membership, records to be received at National Headquarters not later than July. Won by Virginia in 1927.

Claire Oliphant Trophy—Presented by Mrs. Oliphant, Past National President. Awarded annually to the department showing the greatest percentage of paid-up membership from the date of the Auxiliary's national convention to January 1st of the succeeding year. Won by Mississippi in 1927.

Wilma D. Hoyal Trophy—Presented by Mrs. Robert L. Hoyal of Arizona. Awarded annually to the department of fewer than 1,000 members showing the greatest percentage of paid-up membership from the date of the national convention to January 1st of the succeeding year. Won by New Mexico in 1927.

Lowell F. Hobart Junior Trophy—Presented by Mrs. Hobart, First National President. Awarded annually to the department having fewer than 1,000 members which attains the greatest percentage of increase over its highest membership. Won by Arizona in 1927.

Mrs. J. Y. Cheney Trophy—Presented by Mrs. Cheney of Florida. Awarded annually to the department attaining the highest percentage of increase over membership at close of any preceding year. Won by New York in 1927.

Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr. Trophy—Presented by Mrs. Biester of Pennsylvania. For department having more than 10,000 members which shows the greatest percentage of membership increase in the period up to thirty days before the national convention. Won by Pennsylvania in 1927.

Mary Virginia Macrea Trophy—Presented by Mrs. Macrea of Iowa. National Membership Chairman for 1925. Awarded annually to the department which exceeds by the greatest percentage three-fourths of the highest year's membership ever attained by its corresponding department of The American Legion. Won by Vermont in 1927.

Lemuel Bolles Trophy—Presented by the Department of Washington on behalf of Mr. Bolles, Past National Adjutant of The American Legion, and Mrs. Bolles. Awarded annually to the department which during the preceding year has done the most constructive and systematic work in developing and strengthening the public school system of its State. Won by Utah in 1927.

Blanche W. Scallen Trophy—Presented by Miss Scallen of Minnesota. Awarded annually to the department having the largest number of over-the-top units by January 1st.

The Forty and Eight has its own national trophies awarded annually to the Grande Voitures doing most to promote the Legion's growth. The donor of one Forty and Eight trophy is Chef de Chemin de Fer Pelham St. George Bissell of New York. His cup is awarded annually to the Grande Voiture whose Voyageurs have procured the greatest enrollment of new Legion members in proportion to the number of Voyageurs. Another Forty and Eight cup is awarded annually to the Grande Voiture in whose jurisdiction the greatest number of new Legionnaires have been obtained. A third Forty and Eight cup is awarded annually to the individual Voyageur who obtains the largest number of new Legion members.

If we assembled in one place all the trophies of the Legion and the Auxiliary and the Forty and Eight, they would make an exhibit almost as dazzling as that of the crown jewels in the Tower of London.

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## Then and Now

(Continued from page 40)

remember the camp across the street from headquarters buildings and that down the street a little farther in spacious wooded grounds known as 'Chaumont-le-bois' stands a chateau in which dwelt, and still dwells, Grandmère Le Boeuf, Mme. Pardé and her two daughters, Isabelle and Marcelle. Perhaps you strolled around the grounds watching the peacocks while you were off K. P., or otherwise enjoyed their hospitality. If so, write them and tell them you were sorry you couldn't include Chaumont in your itinerary, and they will be happy to be remembered by their American friends."

UNOFFICIAL outfit reunions were in order during the last national convention of the Legion which was held in Paris. But with the 1928 convention back on our own soil, special arrangements are being made by the convention committees for official reunions of all outfits which care to stage their meetings in conjunction with the Legion national convention in San Antonio. The convention will be held in that Texas city from October 8th to 11th.

The old Red Diamond outfit—the Fifth Division—is the first divisional organization to line up for its annual meeting in San Antonio. It will be sort of a home-coming for the veterans of the division, as the Fifth was organized and trained in Texas. Other inducements include the special one-way fare for the round trip granted to the Legion, the fact that entertainment will be provided for all, the publicity incident to the convention and also that previous Fifth Division reunions have all been held in other parts of the country than the South. Full information may be obtained from F. F. Barth, Suite 602-20 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Additional announcements of interest to veterans follow:

THIRD (MARNE) DIV.—National convention in Boston, Mass., July 13-15. Address Walter J. Wells, secy., 44 Chetwynd rd., West Somerville, Mass.

35TH DIV.—Annual reunion in conjunction

with reunions of 203d M. C. Regt., C. A. C., and 49th Engrs., in Springfield, Mo., Sept. 29-30. Address Dr. R. T. Peak, 515 Woodruff bldg., Springfield.

40TH (SUNSHINE) DIV.—Reunion in Camp Kearny, San Diego, Cal., Nov. 10-12. Participants may be obtained from 40th Div. Reunion Hq., Chamber of Commerce, San Diego.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV.—National convention in Columbus, Ohio, July 13-15. Address C. D. McCoy, City Hall, Columbus.

80TH (BLUE RIDGE) DIV.—Ninth annual reunion at Conneaut Lake Park, Conneaut Lake, Pa., Aug. 9-12. Address 80th Div. Vet. Assoc., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

89TH (MIDDLE WEST) DIV.—Annual reunion and convention in Denver, Colo., in September. Address Harry Carlson, pres., War Society 89th Div., c/o Carlson-Frink Dairy Co., Denver.

INDIANA STATE CHAPTER, 42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Eighth annual reunion and convention in Fort Wayne, Ind., July 9-10. All former members of the 42d Div. are eligible for membership in organization. Address Pleas Greenlee, Sheboygan, Ind.

104TH U. S. INF. VET. ASSOC.—Ninth annual reunion in Greenfield, Mass., Apr. 27-28. Address Lawrence A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

Co. M, 128TH INF.—Annual banquet in Janesville, Wisc., May 30th. Reunion has support of 32d Tank Co., 121st F. A. Band, city officials and veterans organizations of city. Address E. J. Sartell, ex-Company Clerk, Janesville, Co. K, 316TH INF., 79TH DIV.—Reunion in Reading, Pa., May 19th. Address Paul H. Bomberger, 11 Lincoln ave., Lincoln, Pa.

VETERAN OFFICERS, 316TH INF.—Tenth annual reunion in Philadelphia, Pa., May 12th. Address F. A. Van Dyke, 4047 Spruce st., Philadelphia.

306TH FIELD SIG. BN.—Third reunion at Onondaga Club, Rochester, N. Y., May 26-27. For details address J. C. Schulz, 39 Aberdeen st., Rochester.

114TH SUP. TR., 39TH DIV.—Former members interested in proposed reunion during Arkansas-Texas Legion department conventions in Texarkana, Aug. 27-29, address Clay M. Fielden, Box 184, Texarkana, Ark., Tex.

U. S. HOSP. NO. 16—Tenth anniversary reunion in New Haven, Conn., May 26th. Address Arthur A. Fulton, secy., 46 Elm st., Wakefield, Mass.

112TH F. H., 28TH DIV.—Proposed reunion of the "Possums" in conjunction with Pennsylvania Legion department convention in Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 23-25. Interested members address Leslie R. House, 910 Wilson ave., Kittanning, Pa.

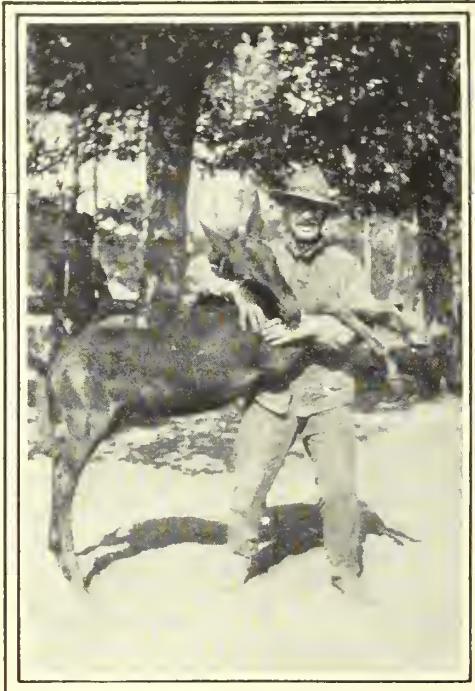
FIRST TRENCH ART.—Reunion in Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 1-3. Address Harry A. Birss, Hotel New Southern, Columbus.

U. S. S. BERWYN—Former members of crew, especially the "Cocoa Coolers Assoc.", interested in proposed reunion, address Harold C. Sullivan, Lock Drawer 152, Berlin, N. H.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 37.—Notice in March Then and Now reading: "Evac. Hosp. No. 3—To complete roster and arrange reunion former members are requested to write Herman J. Worst, 6355 S. Ada st., Chicago, Ill." should have read "Evac. Hosp. No. 37."

FOURTH DIV.—Members interested in reunion address Benj. Cetzoff, 222 W. Adams st., Chicago.

THE COMPANY CLERK



Ralph Elder of Mitchell, Oregon, ex-10th Engineers (Forestry), embracing his entry in the only-mule-born-in-the-A. E. F. derby

## My Brother's Keeper

(Continued from page 25)

more than seventy veterans as his wards at this hospital.

Then Mr. Fenning was appointed by the President of the United States to be one of the three commissioners of the District of Columbia, the body which, under Congress, governs the city of Washington. This honor focused upon him the searching gaze of political opposition, and this gaze went straight to his law practice. One spring day in 1926 the vigorous Tom Blanton of Texas arose in the House of Representatives and proposed the impeachment of Commissioner Fenning. He read a list of charges and fired a tirade of accusations at the head of Mr. Fenning which were destined to secure plenty of attention. The mildest thing which Mr. Blanton called Mr. Fenning was "professional guardian of the helplessly insane." It is useless to recall the other things.

Out of the tempest of political attack and defense which followed, it developed that Mr. Fenning was, at least, as expert as a professional guardian should be. He administered very well the property of his many wards. He accounted for all funds. He wisely invested those moneys which accumulated. He received moderate fees in each case, fixed by the District courts. In total he did a big and profitable business in guardianships, and this alone was somewhat shocking to the public sense, but he did not loot the estates, or charge excessive fees, or commit some other breaches of ethics or law which have since developed in other States.

Mr. Fenning, however, became the horrible example of the nation-wide guardianship problem, and President Coolidge had to accept his resignation as commissioner of the District of Columbia, a position which did not involve his guardianship practice but did involve plenty of political complications. Whatever his indiscretions, Mr. Fenning has suffered amply for them. The attention centered upon him speeded Congress to act on the whole question of veteran and minor wards.

The vital spot in the Act of July, 1926, amending the World War Veterans Act was the authority given to the Veterans Bureau to appear by counsel in state courts, to demand an examination of the accounts of guardians of beneficiaries of the Bureau, to render complaints asking the removal of guardians whose trust was not being properly administered, and to cut off all payments of Bureau benefits to guardians who were not functioning properly. With these powers went the authority to install legal help in the regional offices of the Veterans Bureau, a step which amounted to decentralizing the legal force of the Bureau in a manner similar to the decentralizing of the other major functions. This decentralization had been a basic demand of The American Legion for years. Getting the Veterans Bureau service to the dis-

abled man and his dependents had been the basis of the Legion rehabilitation program.

The Act of July, 1926, based on careful study and brought to focus by the Fenning controversy, armed the Veterans Bureau for the fray. It did not disarm all opposition, for every lawyer sensed this enactment as a definite break in the line between Federal and state authority. For the first time a Federal power is authorized to intervene in state courts on matters dealing with the citizens of the State and their property. This intervention carries the plain implication that the state courts were seriously failing in their duty. The 1926 amendment is so clearly encroaching on the constitutional question of States rights that it will probably be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States for determination of its constitutionality. Attorneys in the Federal service are convinced, however, that the law will stand. At least once, in a Pension Office case, the Supreme Court has upheld the right of the Federal Government to supervise the handling of Federal money, through any channels, all the way into the hands of the beneficiary. Interested attorneys may turn to the case of United States versus Jeremiah Hall, 98 U. S. 343, for that decision.

The Bureau very promptly went to work on the basis of the new statute. The small guardianship section was consolidated into the Legal Division of the Bureau, and the selection of a lawyer for every regional office of the Bureau, fifty-four of them, began. The office of Regional Attorney, thus created, takes a rank next to that of the Regional Manager.

This decentralized legal force is already at work. In addition to its guardianship duties, it has relieved the load on the central office of the General Counsel, has speeded up decisions all along the line of Veterans Bureau work, and has brought the legal organization into synchronized co-ordination.

The guiding spirit of this reconstruction problem has been the General Counsel of the Veterans Bureau, William Wolff Smith, organizer and first commander of National Press Club Post of the District of Columbia. The efforts of Mr. Smith to simplify and accelerate the legal processes of the Bureau are a story in themselves. The Act of 1926 put the white-haired, but not aged, General Counsel in the position of a sort of first friend to every mentally incompetent service man, and every child receiving government benefits. From feeling his way without adequate legal background, he now found himself equipped with authority and charged with responsibility to see that the millions paid out by the United States Treasury for these wards is actually spent for the welfare of the wards or saved and invested against the day when the (Continued on page 74)

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## My Brother's Keeper

(Continued from page 73)

afflicted may get well, or the young shall arrive at maturity.

Next to the Director, no man in the Veterans Bureau has greater responsibility. None could, if he were so minded, bring about more delay and red tape. Every one of the million and more cases which are or have been before the Bureau is a matter of facts and law. The facts may be military, medical, or something else. The law is always legal, its application and interpretation the business of the General Counsel. Back of his opinions stands only the Director, or an appeal to the courts. Under Smith the decentralized procedure has moved forward without delay. General Hines has backed him in each step.

General Order 360 of the Veterans Bureau was promulgated, thirty-nine pages of it, in November, 1926, reorganizing procedure under the new law. Since then, armed with real authority, the Bureau has found out many of the things which the first rush of returned conscience money in 1925 indicated.

It found, for example, "professional guardians" who had as many as fifty veteran wards, and whose commissions and fees ate up as much as fifty percent of the payments made by the Government. It found many guardians who were blood brothers of their wards, or other kin, but who have been steadily stealing all of the insurance and compensation money since the day of their appointment.

Back in 1925 the Bureau had learned how local politics entered into guardianship cases. John Joseph C—, known to the files of the Bureau as C255710, was under care at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington. His guardian was a state senator in his home State. The early investigation by the Bureau indicated some \$6,000 not accounted for. With no authority to go into court, the Bureau asked The American Legion to look into the case. A Legion member and lawyer started a prosecution of the guardian. Every effort was made to introduce local influence, and the case first ended in a divided jury. A change of venue was taken to another county, where the guardian was convicted and sentenced to three years in prison.

Pasquale J— and Dominic J—, brothers of John J—, are serving four and one-half and two years respectively in Federal prison because they and not John received the benefits of John's total permanent disability checks. Pasquale was the guardian. Dominic was accused of forging the endorsement to some of the checks. The parents and sisters of this soldier were somewhat involved in the case, but made up some three thousand dollars of the shortage.

An uncle and aunt, the former as legal guardian, of a nine-year-old girl living with them on their farm were found by Bureau investigators to have spent the government checks for building a new barn and other farm improve-

ments. To prove their sincerity, the uncle altered his will so as to make provision for his ward, and agreed to segregate the child's money from the family and farm budget thereafter.

It has required two prosecutions to get an honest guardian for veteran J. B. B—. The first appointee made away with about \$7,000 and was stopped and given three years in jail. His successor as guardian was found recently about \$6,000 short in his accounts. He has been indicted.

Of cases like these the Bureau now has many, many files. Enough prison sentences have been secured to scare delinquent guardians pretty thoroughly into a newer and better frame of mind. Yet the opposition to a properly supervised and systematized plan of administering the property of helpless veterans and their children is not everywhere convinced.

In one Middle Western city there remains a guardian with more than fifty veteran wards who is allowed by the probate court fees ranging from fifteen to fifty percent of the income of each veteran. The fees are fixed by a deputy clerk of the court who frankly told the Veterans Bureau investigator that he has to make his living.

The Mid-Western court will probably cut down the fees, or there may be an uproar from The American Legion which might prove embarrassing. The guardian in these cases is a competent person, administering the details of his trusts and reporting regularly. The Bureau believes, however, that large fees are not necessary from small incomes of disabled veterans or the orphaned children of veterans. It also has the prestige of the law which now prevails in the District of Columbia for asserting that one guardian shall not handle more than five estates. This is not law outside the Federal district, but it is a precedent to which the Bureau is seeking the agreement of local courts everywhere. There are now in the United States fewer than seventy guardians who have more than five wards each.

During a recent typical month, 980 new guardians were appointed for wards of the Bureau, while 506 guardians were relieved. Of the latter twenty-six were removed for unfitness discovered by Bureau investigators. The best estimates which can be made indicate that the total guardianship load will reach its peak about 1931. After that the children coming of age, and veterans being cured, or dying, will lessen the total guardianships faster than new cases develop.

The law, of course, deals primarily with the business side of a guardianship. The human side is another question. On the business side one excellent plan has developed through the operations of banks and trust companies as the legal custodians for the funds of veterans and minors. These custodians are not guardians of the person, merely custodians of

money. As such they function better than individuals, make better investments, keep better accounts. At some point, however, the human touch is needed. It is true that for many of the mental cases in the Bureau hospitals and in state and other hospitals, frequent visiting is not helpful. The guardian with his ward's welfare at heart co-operates with the medical staff on matters of that sort. The medical problem of the nervous and mental diseases is one of the great by-products of the war. The improved methods, the many cures, the greatly increased hope for curing others, is the fine side of it, a side in which the Bureau's medical forces and the experts working freely under the auspices of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion have performed wonderful achievements. The many cases probably incurable form the tragic side of it.

For each of these sufferers it would seem that there could be found a guardian, either of kin or of friendly interest, who would accept the trust imposed without thought of profit. Thousands have done so, many refusing even the expenses and small fees which would perhaps compensate for actual work spent in keeping the accounts required. The co-operation of the Legion has solved the problem in thousands of cases. Recently in Chicago, for example, the Legion brought about an agreement with the Bar Association of that city which clears up the whole legal aspect of guardianship there.

Among the children, some 25,000 of whom are beneficiaries of the Veterans Bureau under guardianship, The American Legion Auxiliary two years ago assumed the position of first friend. Its workers are performing an invaluable service in this field, and no dependent child of a service man will be long outside the reach of its mothering arms.

With the decentralizing of the legal force of the Veterans Bureau, there is now a responsible legal officer, the regional attorney, in each of the fifty-four offices of the Bureau, charged with the general supervision of guardianships, and armed with a law which enables him to enforce the rights of the helpless where reason and kindness need support.

The "guardianship problem" was always with the Bureau, but found definite attention only after some problems that seemed more pressing had been solved. Thus it sprang up three years ago as a puzzle, developed two years ago almost as a scandal, and this year is fairly on the way to adjustment. In its solution, as throughout the progress of adjusting the situation of the disabled and of the war orphans, The American Legion has taken a leading part. To their welfare the Legion gave its first pledge, and that pledge it continues to keep. In every State, in every probate court, in every hospital, through every Bureau office, with every regional attorney, the workers of the Legion can help to see that for each legally incompetent veteran there is a proper, reliable and sympathetic guardian. They are all our brothers.

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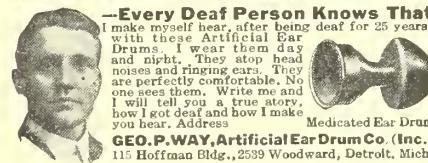
For the most interesting, best written, and most memorable story with the World War as a background, The American Legion Monthly and Houghton Mifflin Company offer a prize of \$25,000. The rules are as follows:

1. This payment will cover the right of first serial publication in The American Legion Monthly, but Houghton Mifflin Company's share of the award will be in addition to royalties on the sales of the book.
2. Any author, regardless of nationality, may compete in this contest, but manuscripts must be submitted in the English language.
3. To be considered by the judges of the contest, manuscripts must be not less than seventy thousand words in length.
4. Address all manuscripts to the War Novel Competition, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
5. Manuscripts will be acknowledged and read as promptly as possible by the reading staffs of Houghton Mifflin Company and The American Legion Monthly, and all possible care taken to protect them against loss or damage. All manuscripts which are considered not suitable to be submitted to the board of judges will be promptly returned.
6. The competition will close at 5 p. m., May 1, 1929. Manuscripts may be submitted at any time prior to that date. Early submission is encouraged.
7. The judges of the competition will be: ALICE DUER MILLER, novelist, member of the Council of the Authors' League of America; Major General JAMES G. HARBORD, President of the Radio Corporation of America, author of "Leaves from a War Diary," former Commanding General, S.O.S., A.E.F.; RICHARD HENRY LITTLE, R.H.L. of *The Chicago Tribune*; JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor of The American Legion Monthly, and FERRIS GREENSLET, Literary Director of Houghton Mifflin Company. Their decisions on questions of eligibility and interpretations of the rules and their award shall be final.
8. The decision will be reached by the board of judges as soon as possible after May 1, 1929, and public announcement made. The sum of \$25,000 will then be paid outright upon the signing of the contracts, as outlined in Rule 1 above.
9. All manuscripts offered in the competition other than that winning the prize are to be considered as submitted to The American Legion Monthly for first serial publication, and to Houghton Mifflin Company for publication in book form on the author's customary terms or on terms to be arranged.
10. Every contestant must fill out and attach to his complete manuscript at the time it is submitted a special blank form giving the name of the manuscript and the name and address of the author. This form can be obtained by addressing War Novel Competition, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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ful footing she poised with perfect confidence. "I am a little chimpanzee!" she announced. "Cha-cha-cha grrr-heet! Where are the mighty hunters of Africa? With champagne corks make the shooting!"

Target practice consumed three bottles, and then the firing at the actual objective began. Waiters lugged another dozen bottles of champagne to the mighty hunters. The bombardment lasted for half an hour and was terminated by the little chimpanzee's declaration of surrender. "But not once was I hit. I capitulate with honor because of a growing thirst." In along the sloping branch of the tree danced Little Saccharine, to a salvo of popping corks which promised to terminate her thirst.

Silly business, all of it, the Loot reflected, coming sanely to the surface for an instant. "Leave us ramble gaily in the rubber-tired hack to the Chapeau Rouge," he invited. "Little ol' dinner of herbs with a mess of pottage."

Avalanche hiccuped heartily and voted yes. "Hooray for lil' ol' mess of pottage. C'mon here, you Li'l Saccharine. We will never leave each other. I can drive ol' hack."

Climbing into the car, "I'll drive ol' hack," Avalanche insisted. "Never knew what it was to be a father, but I've got eight little cars of my own. Maybe ten or fifteen. Git in the back seat, Loot, with that bullfighter. Me an' Li'l Saccharine Chimpanzee gonna ride up here. Hang on tight and see what a speed demon can do—"

The speed demon's first move was to back the car heavily into a stone wall which had stood the stresses of three centuries. "My mistake. Pardon me," the Avalanche apologized. "Sense of direction is all it takes. Hang on tight—we're gonna start the other way."

The start ahead was made under a full throttle that threatened to disintegrate the rubber-tired hack until, coming back sweetly, the clutch translated a shivering earthquake into lateral motion. "What nationality are you?" the Loot asked the companion to his left.

"Portuguese—but not afraid to die."

"Neither am I—say, you didn't mean to insinuate I was afraid to die or anything, did you?"

"I am unaccustomed to such vehemence. The gentleman would do well to control his tones in speaking to one in whose veins flows—"

Bang! Merely a lamp post.

After the fender had been straightened and when the car was again lined out in its run toward the Chapeau Rouge, the argument in the back seat was resumed. It developed with simplicity and directness to a crisis which found the Loot sitting securely on the huddled remains of the gentleman in whose veins flowed the best blood in his country.

A yelp from the Loot sounded high above the clattering noises of the speeding car. "Yeow! Oooo—yowch!"

"'S'matter?" This from Avalanche, who was driving with one hand.

Saccharine Chimpanzee peered coyly over the Avalanche's shoulder. "Mon

Dieu! Regard, if you please, the scene behind you."

In the bottom of the car the huddled representative of all that was best in blue blood was gnashing his teeth and spitting forth shreds of O. D. uniform.

Perched high in the back seat, the Loot was holding on with one hand and rubbing the back of his lap with the other. "Ooo-uch. He bit me in the tonneau!"

Avalanche stopped the car. "Whaddya mean he bit you?"

"He bit right through these pants," the Loot complained. "Feels like blood poison has set in."

Avalanche reached around and took hold of Portugal with both hands. He lifted the snarling and incoherent member of the quartette cleanly over the side of the car and released him to a running start. "How does it feel now, Loot?" Avalanche inquired with deep sympathy in his voice.

"It feels lots better. Hurry up or we'll be late for supper."

When the car skidded to a stop eighty feet past the entrance to the Chapeau Rouge, Little Saccharine called the roll. "Where is my protector?" she inquired without much real interest.

"Old Vinegar-face is irreproachably lost," Avalanche informed her. "Lissen baby—you got a couple of the best protectors in the world. Don't you remember what happened back there where Vinegar-face bit the Loot and blood poison set in? Couldn't of been more than two minutes ago."

"It is nothing. He will be along presently. He always catches up. I lost him in Africa once, before we were married, and for two thousand miles—"

"Married! You don't mean you and that bullfighter are married? I never heard of such a thing. The idea! A fine little girl like you—"

"Of a certainty. He is the Prince de Cherida, and I am his Princess. His name is Jack."

"Well, good heavens!" Avalanche scratched his head in deep thought. He looked up at the Princess and the Loot. "Well, heavens on earth! That makes it all different. Let's not stand here on the sidewalk . . . I tell you what—let's eat."

"Yeah—let's eat. We don't want to keep a princess waiting. C'mon, Princess."

"I kinda thought you was a princess," the Avalanche offered, and then, in a hoarse whisper to the Loot. "Pssst! Loot, what do you suppose princesses eat?"

"Miscellaneous groceries, you hippopotamus. Git in the door there."

Recognizing the Loot, after appropriate felicitations had been exchanged, "Covers for your party of twenty are laid in the Louis Quatorze suite upstairs," the rotund management announced.

Recovering quickly, "They will be along presently," the Loot returned.

When the festive throng arrived at the Louis Quatorze suite it consisted of the Loot and the (*Continued on page 78*)

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## Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 77)

Princess Avalanche had sidetracked himself and doubled back in a hurried search for an appropriate and congenial personnel to fill the vacant chairs at the banquet table.

Inspired by Old Man Trouble, "An anchovy, perhaps, with our next cocktail?" the Loot suggested, "or an infant sardine on toast? Do you like sardines, Princess?"

This polite inquiry, it appeared, was a brazen insult. Little Saccharine, reverting to chimpanzee language, chattered on for a while and then hissed herself into a fit of sobbing, through all of which the Loot stared at her with widening eyes. "What the hell? Listen now, Princess—"

But the Saccharine Princess had no opportunity to listen, for the wide doors of the Louis Quatorze suite had opened and through them poured a parade of naval officers. Following the procession, lurching a little at times to starboard and port, swept the majestic Avalanche. "Here's our guests, Loot," he called loudly. "Lemme introduce the Navy. All of 'em old friends of mine—dear old college chums."

"When do we eat?" the Navy inquired.

"Never eat on an empty stomach." The Avalanche reiterated his slogan to an appreciative audience. "My motto is—"

The motto was smothered under an armload of princess, who sought a manly chest and sympathy. While the Loot milled around with his new consignment of guests the Princess told her story to the Avalanche. "Yes indeed, Little Saccharine," the Avalanche agreed "nothing but a brazen insult. I agree with you entirely. Come over here and I'll make the Loot apologize."

He led the Princess over toward the lieutenant. "Lissen, Loot," Little Saccharine's champion began, "you insulted this little girl. You asked her if she liked sardines and you know doggone well her impoverished husband sells sardines no matter if he is the prince of whatever town it is. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for bringing up a sardine subject to a princess when her impoverished husband sells sardines. Look at her. Almost on the verge of tears."

The Loot smiled deliberately at the Princess, and something in his smile won the day for him. "Get off that verge of tears, darling. Have a drink. I don't even remember of having had—"

"Loot, what you tryin' to say?"

The Loot blinked quickly and continued in better control of his vocal organs: "—remember of having had the pleasure of meeting your husband."

"You forgetful little rascal!" The Princess smiled coyly. "Do you not remember that he bit you in the tonneau?"

"Call tonneau if you will."

"Ceash you gabbling," the Avalanche admonished the Princess and the Loot.

"Admiral got to speak a toast."

Anticipating the probability of having to let go all his shore lines for the balance of the night, one of the navy gentlemen became verbally sentimental to a degree which inspired tears here and there in his audience. "And it is with tenderness and longing, our memory turning ever to those hallowed scenes—" He extended his lifted glass toward the entrance to the Louis Quatorze suite. As he did this the doors opened and in galloped the remains of Prince Vinegarface, not so noble at the moment, but still competent to inquire with dramatic intensity for his old feudal opponent, the Loot.

"In the name of my outraged heritage of pride, I demand him to stand forth!" he bellowed.

The Prince raised himself on tiptoe and surveyed the crowd, but failed to discover his victim. Then, slightly annoyed, the Avalanche emerged from the company and grasped the arm of the Prince. "Come in this room with me a minute, Jack," he suggested, lending a three-hundred-pound muscular impulse to his verbal suggestion. "We got to hold a powley-wowley." Over his shoulder, as he disappeared with his protesting captive, "Powley-wowley is sardine talk for pow-wow," the Avalanche explained.

"What makes the little desperado so vicious?" one of the navy men inquired anxiously.

"He'll be all right after he talks to that big dove of peace," the Lieutenant returned. "He's a prince that got insulted and bit me on the leg. Have a drink. On with the dance . . . Gentlemen, I have the honor to propose the health of the fairest and dearest lady in our midst, Little Saccharine, Princess de Cherida!"

At the climax of a vociferous tribute, true to the Loot's prediction, from their retreat, arm in arm and both singing "He's My Pal," came the Prince and the Avalanche.

Heading straight for the Loot, the Prince began an elaborate apology for his part in the biting business.

"Forget it, old timer . . . here's luck!"

The peace conference was rudely interrupted by a sudden chorus from the Navy: "When do we eat!"; whereupon the Avalanche took it upon himself to order the dinner served. The repast proved to be a sketchy affair, but it floated high on copious billows of gratifying refreshments and, as the Navy afterwards explained, the company "managed to swim through it."

The dinner and its array of liquids was followed by a rapid retreat to the Double Track Tunnel, which lay some blocks away from the Chapeau Rouge. Within an hour the impromptu vaudeville purveyed by this slightly shopworn subterranean establishment had paled and the march was resumed toward the Apollo Theatre.

Here, after a brief and conspicuous appearance, the party was led backstage by the Loot. While the Navy and the Apollo chorus accomplished a quick affiliation, the Avalanche gratified his longing for histrionic fame by staging an impromptu bullfight with an agitated stage manager who finally surrendered to overwhelming odds and went through with a noteworthy imitation of a bull while the Avalanche performed in his best toreador manner.

For the audience that night the show included a dozen impromptu and refreshing turns whose advertising value bulged the box office for weeks thereafter. It was observed that the chorus dwindled with each appearance until, of the original forty dancers, hardly more than half were on the stage.

The toreador, in one of his gyrations, encountered the Loot. "Looks like a big night."

"Listen, you savage, the Navy is anchored fast enough, and they won't leave here till the house goes dark. Round up Vinegar-face and the Princess and let's beat it."

"That's a good idea. He wants us to go down to his boat anyhow."

"Has he got a boat?"

"Best little yacht in the harbor. Find Little Saccharine and I'll get Vinegar-face and us quartette makes a side-door exit."

"Fair enough. Make it snappy."

The Prince's yacht turned out to be a hundred-ton schooner smelling strongly of sardines. A lull in the shipboard festivities gave place to a polite family altercation between the Prince and Little Saccharine, at the conclusion of which, with what seemed to the Loot to be a somewhat gratuitous eloquence, the flame of jealousy ignited a vocabulary of hypocrisy in the Prince's narrow chest. "Take this lady," he concluded, addressing himself to the Loot. "She is yours! And as you say, to hell with her!"

The Prince grasped Little Saccharine's hand where it clutched his arm and extended the trophy of victory toward the winner.

"How do you get that way?" The Loot recalled the painful incident of having been bitten in the tonneau. He turned to the Avalanche, who, sleepy-eyed, was observing the scene with painful lack of interest. "This guy and his likker haven't amalgamated. Dangerous hombre. Avalanche, you and me leave right now."

The Avalanche blinked his approval of the suggestion. "Let's go."

On shore, in the cold gray dawn, when the Avalanche had been delivered to his hotel, the Loot spoke his farewells. "Grand little party, you old Avalanche."

"Loot, you and me both! Lissen—I arranged with Vinegar-face to send your outfit some sardines with my compliments," the Avalanche announced. "Parting gift I give you in memory of the best little old party I've had since I joined the war. Had a grand time. So long, old timer!"

The Loot started away in his rubber-tired hack. Alone, he headed for his

camp. By the time he arrived the events of the night had taken on some of the qualities of a dream. Feeling not so good, he undressed and rolled into bed for an early morning nap. "Wake me up at nine o'clock," he said to one of the orderlies on duty, and then he drifted into a broken sleep which was interrupted by fleeting recurrent memories of the gloriously hectic night which had passed.

Late in the afternoon to the Gang's quarters came nauseating rumors concerning a fishy addition to the army ration. Facing Jugger and Rags and Patsy, Isadog issued a bulletin. "Jimmy the Ink just told me the Loot is signing personal receipts for them sardines. Eight truckloads of 'em! All the sardines in the world—and listen to one of Uncle Salmon's heroes: This fish war has got me fed up. Fish ain't no treat to me, and the Loot is sidetracked in the bean if he thinks sardines will soften the curse."

"Sneak around the cookhouse and see what's goin' on. Ask Shorty what he's got to say."

"Shorty's busy cookin'—you know how he is if you poke your nose into his joint this time of day. Well, part of the army is mighty apt to pull a walkout if they's sardines for supper."

"Git calm."

Within an hour, none too robust as a result of the Bordeaux passes, the Gang experienced a recurrence of the sentiments which had characterized their first hour on shipboard. Retreat found them sulky and silent.

Immediately after Retreat, not caring to inflict any supper upon himself, the Loot retired to his office, where, making up for lost time and wrestling with an oversized fit of katzenjammers, Jimmy the Ink sat at his desk in front of an insurmountable stack of paper work. Across the room, peering gloomily out of a window, stood Spike Randall.

The Loot greeted these two military marvels, and then to the Top. "What's the matter, Spike? How come the raincloud all over your map?"

"Loot, I'm worried about the Gang. They're ready to blow up on the sardine question."

At that moment from the Gang's mess shack there broke a sudden rumble of voices. The frown on Spike Randall's face deepened, and it was followed by an apprehensive look. "Listen!—it sounds like the dam has bust . . ."

The Gang roared out another cheer, at which Spike started for the door. "You stay here, Loot," he said. "I'll pacify those babies or come back feet first."

The Loot smiled. "Stand steady, you grief eater! That yell isn't a battle cry. Sidetrack your sardine conscience. I traded the whole damned sardine tonnage to our blackface labor battalions for enough T-bone steaks to last the Gang from now on. The way she lays, for the next six months we draw the biggest beef ration in the A. E. F. Git calm and dry those tears. There'll be no strike tonight."

(To be continued)

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# Bursts and Duds

(Continued from page 42)

### TODAY'S LURE FOR YOUTH

"I hope the children didn't get into the pantry while I was away, Jane," hoped the mistress of the house, returning from a call.

"No, ma'am," responded Jane, "but they've been all over the house lookin' for the master's gin."

### "Two Is COMPANY"

"Tell me, man," demanded an excited

plainclothes man, "was the bandit alone at the time of the hold-up?"

The victim slowly and sadly raised a bruised and aching head.

"No," he said in a still sadly-shaken voice. "I was there."

### GETTING COMPLICATED

"Don't sit there glowering at me!" snapped friend wife. "Shut up!"

"I beg your pardon, dear," apologized Mr. Meek. "I didn't know that I must keep my eyes closed, too."

### A HARD LIFE

It was back in medieval times—pre-a-lot-of-wars stuff.

"It's no fun trying to live in this coat of mail," complained a cootie.

"No," agreed the second parasite. "Heaven help a feller on a knight like this."

### IN THE F. A. (FALLEN ARCHES)

"You told me you were in the A. E. F.," a girl accused her swain, "and now I find you weren't in service at all. What's the idea?"

For a moment he was at a loss. Then inspiration came.

"Why, you see, my dear," he replied, "I was in the American Explanatory Forces."

### AND WHERE?

"Jack and his girl friend had a falling out. She was quizzing him about men's regard for women and asked him if they didn't like talkative women as well as others, and Jack asked 'What others?'"

### UNLESS IT'S STOPPED

"Is Simpkins clever?"

"He's so clever that if you give him two guesses he can tell you which way an elevator is going."

### GLORY

"I was talkin' to Bob McSwatt the other day."

"What? Bob McSwatt of the Yankee Giants? You know him?"

"Sure I know him. Him an' me was in the same squad over in France."

"Gosh! What'd he have to say?"

"Oh, not much. He was just tellin' me all over again about the time he stood in mess line next to Sergeant York."

### DANGEROUS STUFF

"How did your home brew turn out?"

"Say, it's so strong that it would make a millionaire woman-hater write love letters to a chorus girl he didn't know."

### WEATHER CONDITIONS

First Boarding House Pedestrian: "Are you going for a walk today?"

Second Hash Expert: "I don't know. How does the traffic look out?"

### TWEET, TWEET

"I've been doing duty on these lips about as long as I want to," asserted a lipstick microbe peevishly.

"Aw, be a little bit patient," counseled his best friend and severest critic. "We've got a good chance of being transferred."

### A TOUCH CUSTOMER

"Dang it all!" growled the Rocky Mountain bear, glaring at the tourist he had kept treed for two days. "Millions of people to choose from, and I have to go and pick out one of these durned crazy flag-pole sitters!"

### YE OLDE RAGGE

"I hear Edna has a new batik dress."

"Well, yes, but it's kind of shoppe worn."

### REMOVING TEMPTATION

"But, Your Honor," remonstrated the prisoner, just before sentence was to be pronounced, "I'm really not responsible for stealing the jewelry. I'm a kleptomaniac."

"Glad you warned me," the grim judge retorted. "Six months in a cell without a cot."



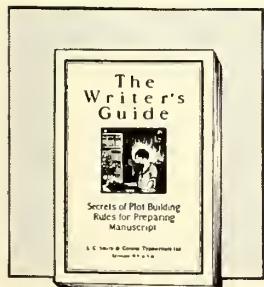
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